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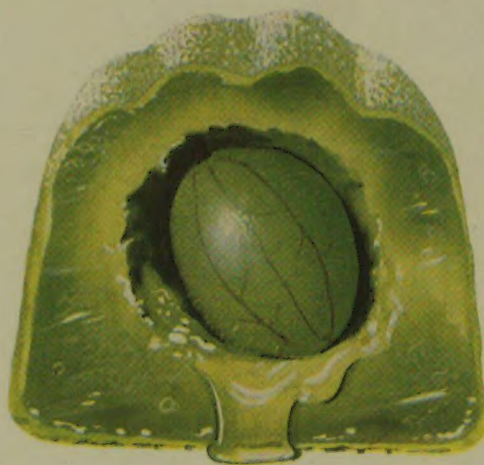
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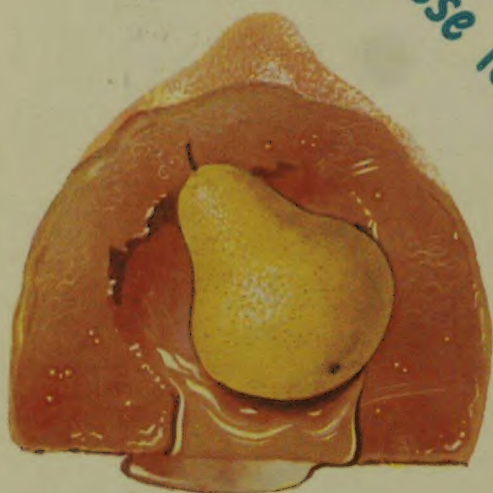
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THE TOP QUALITY MOTOR OIL

It's revealing to drive a ROVER....

You'll be astonished at the way the car takes rough surfaces in its easy stride. Ruts and potholes seem almost non-existent as the car glides over them.

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You'll appreciate the infinite care and thought that has been paid to the comfort of driver and passengers.

You'll feel confident even in the thickest and trickiest traffic, because a Rover is such a well-bred, obedient car to handle.

INSIDE INFORMATION

The Rover co-ordinated suspension system allows plenty of vertical road wheel movement, while spring tensions and shock absorber settings ensure a smooth ride. The central bearing to the propeller shaft checks 'whip' and vibration.

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The special cylinder head design of Rover engines sets the Rover pace, whilst the extensive use of rubber pads and mountings, spraying with sound-absorbing material and heavy carpeting make the naturally quiet engine almost inaudible.

★

All passengers sit well within the wheelbase, with front seat adjustable for height and rake and wide centre arm rests front and rear. Heating, de-misting, ventilating and draught-proofing are exceptionally efficient.

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ROVER

Sixty · Seventy-Five · Ninety

Body and chassis are identical throughout the Rover range. However, three different engine sizes give motorists a made-to-measure service in which design and workmanship are uniformly high. New features common to all 1955 models include re-shaped luggage boot, larger rear window and flashing type direction indicators.



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Go to it . . .

Just once a year British industry goes on display. You have this one chance of doing business in ideal conditions. In an hour or two you can compare all the work of many different industries. You can see for yourself which new developments are likely to affect your business. You can discuss your needs with manufacturers who want to help you. These are the opportunities that only the BIF provides.

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will you walk . . . ?*

Walk? Too warm

Or swim ?

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See a film then ?

I want to see the sun set on the water

A deck chair in the shade—

That's better

And a cool, cool drink—

Better still.

And dance in the evening ?

You have a way with you

Not me, dear lady; Cunard. They have all the answers to jaded mentalities and lethargic limbs.

*Do sit down. You're making me
feel energetic.*

Cunard

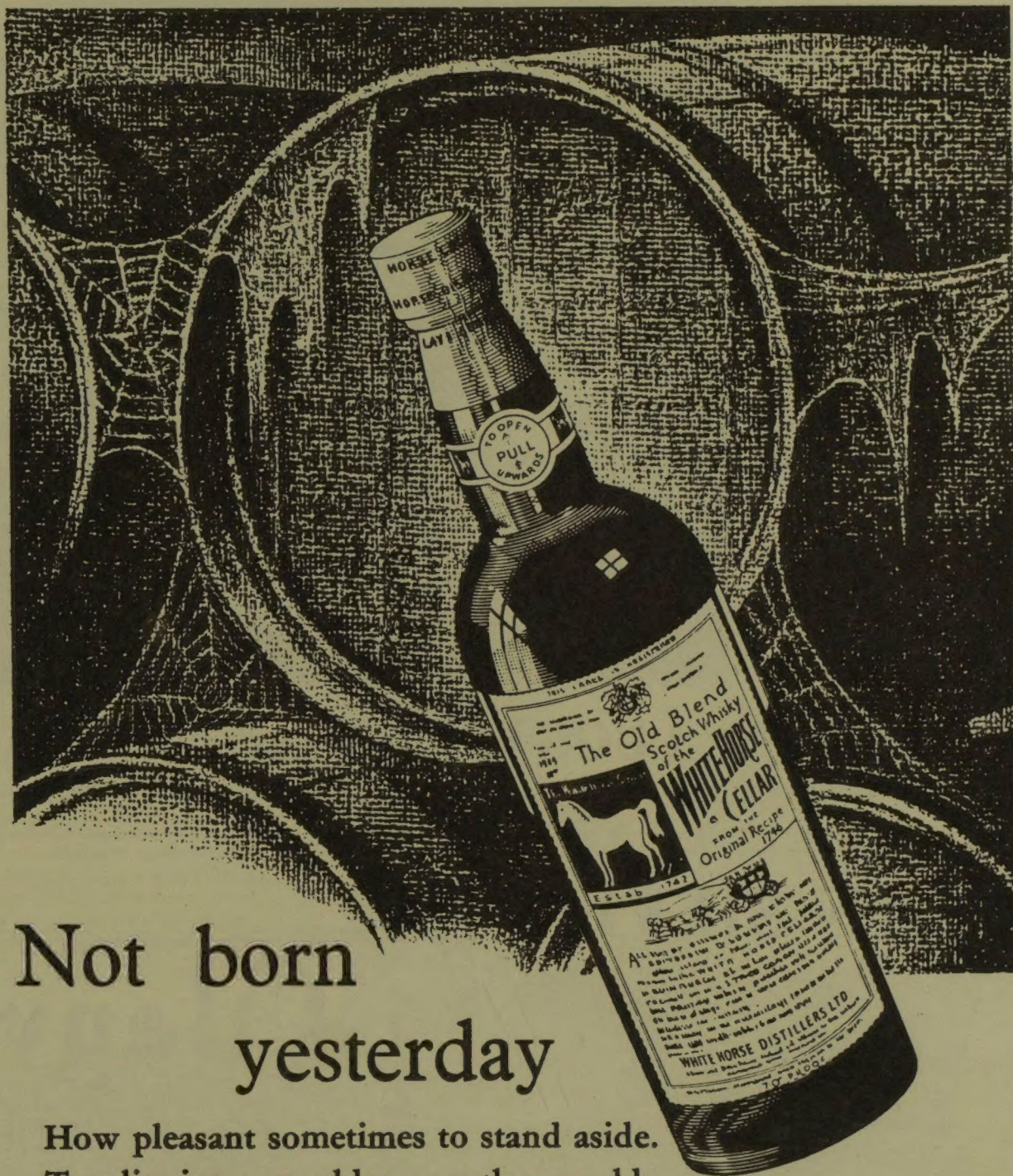
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Not born yesterday

How pleasant sometimes to stand aside.
To slip into an older, gentler world.
To think that even now some things take
years, not minutes, to produce. To remember that no-one and
nothing can hurry the slow, subtle ageing of White
Horse Whisky, transmuting its ardour to a soft and
golden glow. Even in these feverish days there are
times when Time itself has to stand almost still.

WHITE HORSE

Scotch Whisky

“Will that woman never settle down?”

You'd think she really enjoyed living out of suitcases. But perhaps one can't blame her since all her luggage is by Revelation.

For Revelation luggage has such advantages.

The classic Revelation suitcase expands to take a fabulous amount of stuff. The Rev-Robe (models for men and women) is designed so that suits or dresses travel on hangers . . . and arrive fresh and creaseless. There's the Week-end (it expands, too), and the new flexible-frame Zip Bag which keeps its shape . . . in fact there's a Revelation for every journey to make your packing easy and your passage smooth.

Revelation luggage is light, strong and supremely well-made. Just the thing for air-travel. It comes in a choice of fibres, fabrics and fine leathers, and in many colour schemes. The models shown are in 'Crash' fabric, fawn with brown trimming, or blue with navy trimming.

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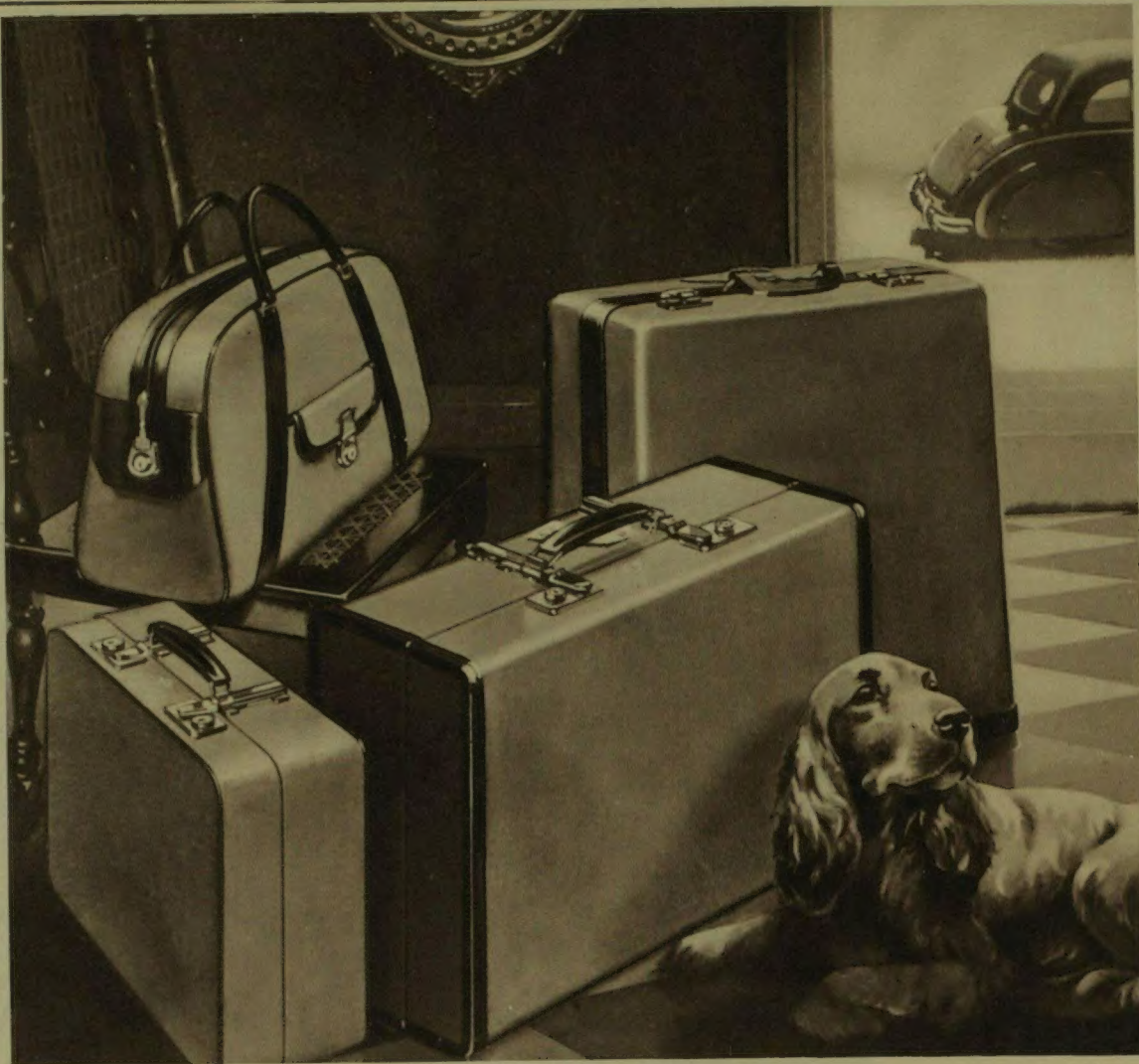
REVELATION suitcase. As illustrated (24") £7.9.6 Other models from £2.19.6 to £15.15.0.

REVELATION week-end. As illustrated (20") £6.5.0. Other models from £4.15.0 to £8.12.6.

REV-ROBE wardrobe suitcase. As illustrated for ladies or men £9.19.6. Other models from £4.12.6 to £17.17.0.

REVELATION Zip Travel-Bag. As illustrated (18") £3.5.6. Other models from £1.12.6 to £5.13.6.

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REVELATION LUGGAGE makes packing easy!

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TANKARD

BY BARTHOLOMEW SCHAATS

Weight: 26½ ozs.

NEW YORK, circa 1700

Height to top of Thumbpiece 6.7 ins.

The contemporary Arms are those of Wyllys. George Wyllys, born at Fenny Compton, Warwickshire, went to New England in 1638 and settled at Hartford, Conn., becoming third Governor of the Colony. The tankard appears to have belonged to Hezekiah Wyllys (grandson of the Governor) who married in 1704 Elizabeth Hobart, their initials W being engraved on the handle.

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on First and Tourist Class transatlantic services!

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Luxury "Monarch" services now from London to New York direct or via Boston; to Montreal direct or via Prestwick; to Bermuda, Nassau and Montego Bay; from Manchester to New York via Prestwick.

Choose the "Monarch" for extra luxury, incomparable cuisine, and impeccable service—at no extra fare. Fully reclining seats . . . delicious meals served from silver trolleys . . . spacious lower deck cocktail lounge. Slight additional charge if you require a private berth.



The gay spacious atmosphere of a double-decked "Monarch" Stratocruiser.



Relax in "Coronet" comfort all the way across the Atlantic.

TOURIST CLASS

"Coronet" Tourist services soon from London to New York or Montreal via Prestwick; to New York via Prestwick and Boston; to Chicago via Prestwick and Montreal; from Manchester to New York via Prestwick.


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SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1955.



"POLLING WILL TAKE PLACE ON MAY 26": SIR ANTHONY EDEN, THE PRIME MINISTER, WHO ANNOUNCED THE DATE OF THE GENERAL ELECTION IN A BROADCAST FROM CHEQUERS ON APRIL 15.

In a broadcast from Chequers on April 15, Sir Anthony Eden, the Prime Minister, announced that the General Election would take place on May 26. He said: "The Parliament elected in 1951 is in its fourth year. It is therefore not surprising that with a change of Prime Minister there should be expectation of a General Election. Uncertainty at home and abroad about the political future is bad for our influence in world affairs, bad for trade, and unsettling in many ways. I believe that it is better to face this issue now. . . . Accordingly, I have asked her Majesty the Queen to grant a Dissolution of Parliament

on May 6. . . . The new Parliament will be summoned on Tuesday, June 7. . . . Her Majesty has graciously intimated her intention formally to open Parliament on Tuesday, June 14." Arrangements were made to inform Mr. Attlee, Leader of the Opposition, and Mr. Herbert Morrison, Deputy Leader, who were both abroad, of the Election date; and a meeting of the Conservative and Unionist Party was arranged for Thursday last, April 21. The Prime Minister and Lady Eden spent last week-end at Windsor Castle as guests of the Queen; and her Majesty received the Prime Minister in audience on the evening of April 17.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE retirement from the Premiership at the age of eighty of Sir Winston Churchill—the brave old man, as he will always be to me and to millions of my contemporaries—is a major historical landmark. It marks the end of an era, an era in which a man of courage and genius intervened in the course of events with decisive results and changed their course. And only a very great man can do that. In the 'thirties the trend of events, though it was obvious to few of us at the time, can now be clearly discerned. The experiment of Liberal democracy, which had had so splendid a flowering in the nineteenth century, and of which this country was the pioneer and for long the leading exponent, was failing through its own seemingly inherent defects before the challenges of ruthless totalitarian societies engendered by the anarchy and social collapse that followed the Great War of 1914-18. Our own, in many ways, admirable society, like that of France and the other parliamentary democracies, was on a slippery slope that led, through the unrealism and failure of the leaders and electors to take timely action, to ultimate and irretrievable disaster. It was Winston Churchill's greatness that he not only clearly perceived that decline but, like the colossus he was, stood on the slope in the path of our descent and, aided by events—cataclysmic events—checked it in the nick of time. I am not one who thinks that this great man was unfailingly right; on the contrary, one of the reasons why his career seems to me so moving is that he so often was in the wrong and suffered setbacks and disasters as a result, yet invariably retrieved those setbacks and disasters by his wonderful courage and resilience. Nor did he only retrieve his own mistakes; he retrieved those of others—the infinitely greater follies and stupidities of us all. If ever a man was a Titan, both in his failings and in his grandeur, it is this great Englishman who stood, like Horatius of old, on the bridge, and defied the ranks of Tuscany, rallying a neglectful nation and ultimately the whole free world behind him. But for him, Hitler and the Japanese war lords would have won the world between them or, at any rate, the entire world except the United States. The theory of the inevitability of history, so popular in academic circles until a few years ago, looks rather unreal and gimcrack in the light of Churchill's magnificent achievement. A brave man of genius and consistent purpose can still, single-handed, change the course of human events. Like Abraham Lincoln, Washington and Pitt, Churchill did just this. Now, as was said of the former, he belongs—though happily still with us—to the ages.

In what does Churchill's claim to be remembered among our very greatest reside?—with Alfred and Elizabeth, Cromwell and Pitt, Nelson and Wellington. Some of the claims made for him by admiring contemporaries history may not endorse. I doubt, for instance, if he will be seen as a great political, at any rate Party political, leader, though in his two Administrations he occupied Downing Street for close on a decade. Except for the one great issue—by far the greatest of our time—of standing in the breach into which the armed legions of the totalitarians were about to pour, it is not easy to say what Churchill's particular political achievement was. His tenure of office has been associated with no great domestic programme of reform. Though both his Ministries were distinguished by the high quality of their members and the efficiency of their administration, good administration does not by itself constitute great statesmanship, even though it is a very important part of it. For more momentous and far-reaching measures, whether good or bad, were carried through Parliament during the Governments of Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, Baldwin and Attlee—to take examples only during the span of Sir Winston's own Parliamentary career. And these political leaders were more successful than he in winning the support of the country for their measures. Churchill inherited another statesman's majority for his first Administration in 1940, and only won one of his own for his second Administration by the narrowest of majorities—indeed, scarcely by a majority at all. Yet in the hour of national disaster he united behind that earlier parliamentary majority not only the Party to whose principles he subscribed—so far as he subscribed to those of any Party—but the entire country, including the official Opposition. He may not have been a great peace Minister, but he was a very great war Minister. In the whole of our history—if one excepts Alfred, Edward III., Henry V., Elizabeth and Cromwell, none of whom were parliamentary statesmen—there are only two possible rivals to Churchill for the palm of being England's greatest war Minister, Chatham and Lloyd George. The first, though a man of the most commanding strategic vision, never had to face a position comparable in danger and difficulty to that which Churchill overcame. The latter, though he probably saved Britain from disaster in 1917 and 1918, had only two assets as a war leader—

moral courage and energy, though he possessed both these in a superlative degree. Indeed, it may be argued that at least one of the two great perils from which Lloyd George saved the country in those years had been created in part by his own strategic incompetence and failure to understand soldiers and to give the latter the support to which they were entitled from their country's political leaders. Churchill, I think, must, therefore, be accorded without question the prize of being Britain's greatest war Minister.

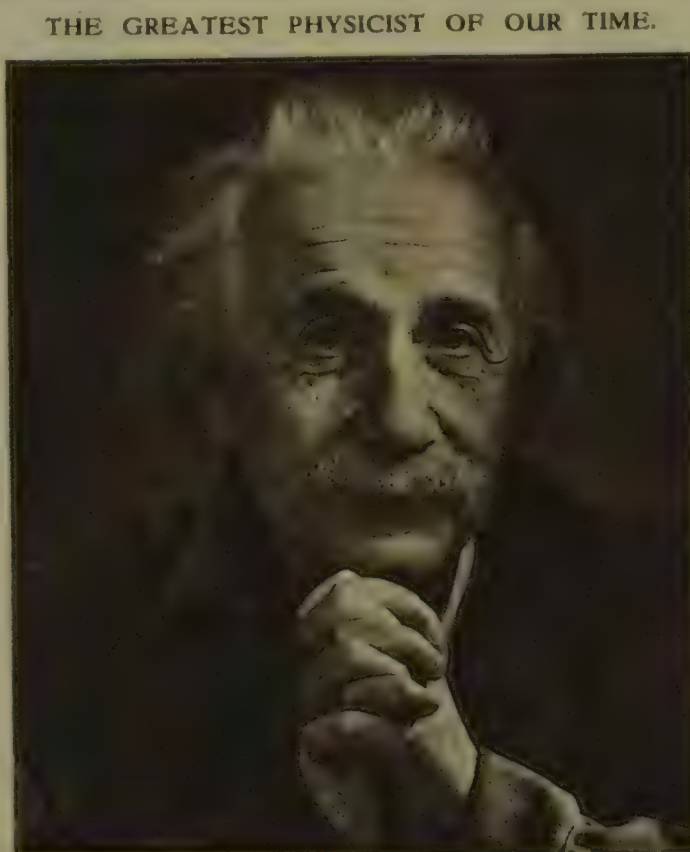
His claim to be a great strategist seems more disputable and rests mainly on the fact that the war was won under his inspired leadership. His own fine account of it, magnificent though it is as autobiography, begs almost as many strategic questions as it answers. Sir Winston, who began his life as a professional soldier, has been a student of military history all his life and a most distinguished writer on it, and has taken a leading part in the direction of two great wars, from both of which our country emerged victorious. On more than one occasion in the last war his courage, resolution and persistence in pursuing a certain course of action in face of opposition saved Britain and, with her, the whole free world. Yet there were other occasions when it is arguable that the course that Churchill championed would have

led almost inevitably to disaster and defeat. Had he had his way, for instance, over a landing in Norway in its critical middle years, we might very well, regardless of the fate of the expeditionary force, have lost the war by losing the Battle of the Atlantic. There were other occasions when his splendid belligerent impulsiveness—his constitutional inability not to hit back at any blow instantaneously with all he had—might have had calamitous results but for the restraining hand of his official strategic advisers. To the wartime Chiefs of Staff, to Dudley Pound and Andrew Cunningham, to Portal, Dill and, above all, I believe, to Alan Brooke, and to the great Defence Minister's faithful military aide and *alter ego*, General Ismay, Britain owes a debt second only to that which it owes Churchill. For one of the greatest of all the many debts it owes the latter is the self-restraint and magnanimity with which this giant among his fellows, however much at times he kicked against the pricks, accepted the strategic counsel of professional officers who had been young lieutenants or were still at school when he had first entered the Cabinet, even though, as sometimes happened, that counsel clashed with his own passionately held convictions and intuitions. There is no recorded instance of his ever over-ruling the considered military opinion of his official strategic advisers, the Chiefs of Staff Committee, though he could easily, had he chosen, have done so. For all his eager and hourly sharing in their counsels and technical problems and decisions—for all of which he had to take the ultimate responsibility—and his attempts, whether successful or unsuccessful, to win them to his views, he never forgot that he was a parliamentary statesman and the leader of a constitutional country. To this, almost as much as to his invincible courage and resilience, we owe our victory. For though Churchill possessed many of the very greatest and most brilliant of military virtues and gifts, his own account of the war does not suggest that he possessed that icy and immovable calm and detachment, that capacity to ignore the feelings and compulsions of the hour in weighing against one another the thousand conflicting demands and opportunities of war, that cool and steady comprehension of every factor that Wellington, who also possessed it, saw in Sir Winston's famous ancestor, the 1st Duke of

Marlborough. He had too much of the bull terrier's and the poet's temperament for that. Rather he possessed something more splendid and that the British people value far more—a valour and resolution that no calamity, however dire, could shake, and an unswerving will, amid disaster, for victory. That was why in the hour of defeat and peril they rallied behind him to a man. He will go down to history as their leader and spokesman in their "finest hour," one of the very greatest and most representative of all their long, stubborn breed. In the words of one of their poets—of whom he also was one—he will be remembered for all time as

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.
No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back, as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here!'"

That is how, I think, when all is done, he himself would wish to be remembered.



DEATH OF A GREAT SCIENTIST: PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN, WHOSE THEORY OF RELATIVITY AND WHOSE CHAMPIONSHIP OF HUMAN RIGHTS MARKED HIM AS ONE OF THE GREATEST SPIRITS OF OUR TIME, DIED IN PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, ON APRIL 18, AGED SEVENTY-SIX.

The death on April 18 of Professor Albert Einstein brought to a close one of the most outstanding and brilliant scientific careers of modern times. Einstein, born of Jewish parents at Ulm, Württemberg, in 1879, lived in the United States—a refugee from a Germany that no longer tolerated those of Jewish blood, however brilliant—since 1933. His famous Theory of Relativity, for which he will primarily be remembered, was propounded in its earliest form in 1905, and subsequent papers in 1915 and afterwards confirmed him as an original scientist of international importance. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921, and in 1949, after thirty-three years' work, he announced his generalised theory of gravitation which may prove to be one of the greatest scientific achievements of all times. Apart from his adventures in pure science, Professor Einstein will long be remembered for his assertion of the rights of the spirit in the face of tyranny in whatever form.

Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa.

A ROYAL PILGRIM: PRINCESS MARGARET AT GUILDFORD'S NEW CATHEDRAL, WHERE A GREAT SERVICE WAS HELD ON LOW SUNDAY.



ON HORSEBACK AND WEARING MEDIEVAL COSTUME: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS WHO ATTENDED THE SERVICE AT GUILDFORD'S NEW CATHEDRAL.



APPROACHING THE NEW CATHEDRAL ON STAG HILL: PART OF THE LONG PROCESSION OF CLERGY, CHOIR BOYS, AND OTHERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE PILGRIMAGE.



AT THE CATHEDRAL: PRINCESS MARGARET STANDING ON A DAIS WITH THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD (HOLDING CROSIER) AND GENERAL SIR ROBERT HAINING (LEFT).



LOOKING AT A MODEL OF THE CATHEDRAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED: PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE ARCHITECT, SIR EDWARD MAUFE.



LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL: PRINCESS MARGARET, ESCORTED BY THE BISHOP OF GUILDFORD, IS GREETED BY CURTSYING CHILDREN FROM GUILDFORD CHURCH SCHOOLS.



SIGNING A BRICK WHICH WILL BE INCORPORATED IN THE FABRIC OF THE BUILDING: PRINCESS MARGARET AT GUILDFORD ON LOW SUNDAY.

On April 17 Princess Margaret attended a pilgrimage service at Guildford which was held to mark the beginning of the building of the nave of the new Cathedral on Stag Hill. The Princess was received at Guildford's Guildhall by the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, General Sir Robert Haining, and the Mayor, Councillor Codd, and inspected a guard of honour of the Queen's Royal Regiment before going on to the new Cathedral. There she was met by the Bishop of Guildford, the Right Rev. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, and the Provost of the Cathedral, the Very Rev. Walter Boulton. Gathered on Stag Hill for

the service were 15,000 pilgrims, some dressed in mediæval costume and riding horses. Processions of pilgrims had made their way from various parts of the town and a large cross made of daffodils was carried through the streets. The architect of the Cathedral, Sir Edward Maufe, showed Princess Margaret round the completed part of the building and she unveiled a stone commemorating her visit. The local authorities' fund for the building of the nave has reached its first objective, the raising of £50,000 towards the £175,000 needed. Thousands of pounds have been raised by the gift of 2s. 6d. bricks, signed by the donors.

NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK: EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.



A BEAUTIFUL ROYAL RESIDENCE TO BE A BALLET SCHOOL: WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK, BUILT BY GEORGE II. FOR QUEEN CAROLINE.

The lease of White Lodge has been secured by Sadler's Wells Ballet School. The house will accommodate 150 girls and a few boys; and there will be 75 day pupils. It was the birth-place of the Duke of Windsor; and King George VI. and the present Queen Mother lived there when Duke and Duchess of York.



SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC'S GRANDSON CHRISTENED ON BOARD THE OLD *DISCOVERY*: THE PRECENSOR OF SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL USING THE SHIP'S BELL AS A FONT.

The infant son of Mr. Peter Scott was christened Richard Falcon Scott on board his grandfather's old ship *Discovery*, now refitting in West India Docks. Mr. S. T. Johnstone (holding book), Curator of the Severn Wildfowl Trust, founded by Mr. Peter Scott; and Mrs. Johnstone, were sponsors. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Scott are standing (right).



RECEIVING THE F.A. AMATEUR CUP FROM FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY: T. STEWART, CAPTAIN OF BISHOP AUCKLAND TEAM.

Bishop Auckland (making their fourth appearance in the F.A. Amateur Cup Final in six seasons) beat Hendon (finalists for the first time) by 2 goals to nil on April 16, to win the Cup for the eighth time. T. Stewart, the Bishop Auckland captain, received the trophy from Field Marshal Montgomery.



"BIG BEN" IN SPLINTS, PREPARATORY TO REPAIRS TO TAKE EIGHTEEN MONTHS AT A COST OF £40,000.

The estimated cost of repairs to "Big Ben" (including erection of scaffolding) is £40,000. Stonework damaged by enemy action will be repaired, the cast-iron roof overhauled, ornamental cresting regilded and three faces reglazed. Finally the clock will be cleaned, but this will be the final operation, probably not undertaken till 1956.



LONDON AIRPORT'S NEW BUILDINGS OPENED: SIR JOHN D'ALBIAC MARKS THE OCCASION WITH A GRACEFUL GESTURE.

The first of the permanent Passenger Buildings in the Central Terminal Area of London Airport (illustrated in our issue of April 9) came into use on April 17. Sir John d'Albiac marked the occasion by presenting a bouquet to the first passenger, Mrs. Green, of Liverpool, to leave the airport on that day.



PREPARED FOR "A MAJOR WEAPONS EFFECT" TEST: LIFELIKE-LOOKING DUMMIES DRESSED IN U.S. ARMY NEW FIELD UNIFORM AT THE ATOMIC PROVING-GROUND, NEVADA. What is called a "major weapons effect test" is being arranged at Las Vegas, Nevada, in which the United States Army new field uniforms will be exposed to atomic explosion danger. Lifelike-looking dummies are shown awaiting the ordeal. The result of an atomic explosion on steel and concrete is



REDUCED TO A TWISTED MASS OF METAL: THE REMAINS OF A 500-FT.-TOWER ON THE YUCCA FLAT ATOMIC TESTING-GROUNDS AFTER AN ATOMIC DEVICE HAD BEEN EXPLODED. illustrated by the photograph of the remains of a 500-ft. tower on Yucca Flat from the summit of which an atomic device was exploded. The man is standing on the remains of the concrete base surrounded by great metal girders twisted into a shapeless tangle.

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S BUSY LIFE: ENGAGEMENTS, OFFICIAL AND PRIVATE.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT ALDERSHOT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (RIGHT) TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE GROUP.

On April 15 the Duke of Edinburgh flew from Windsor Castle grounds in a helicopter to Aldershot to inspect the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group. He saw live ammunition fired in a mock attack by men using F.N. self-loading rifles, saw synthetic parachute training in the Airborne Training Centre, and inspected

equipment prepared for dropping. Some 1500 men and 200 vehicles paraded in the march-past at Rushmore Arena. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Colonel Commandant of the Parachute Regiment, was present; and 10,000 spectators watched from the grandstand surrounding the arena.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT NEWBURY ON APRIL 13: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

Princess Margaret laid the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. John, Newbury, which will replace the church destroyed by bombs in February 1943. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Oxford (the Right Rev. H. J. Carpenter), assisted by the Bishop of Reading (the Right Rev. E. H. Knell), and the Vicar.

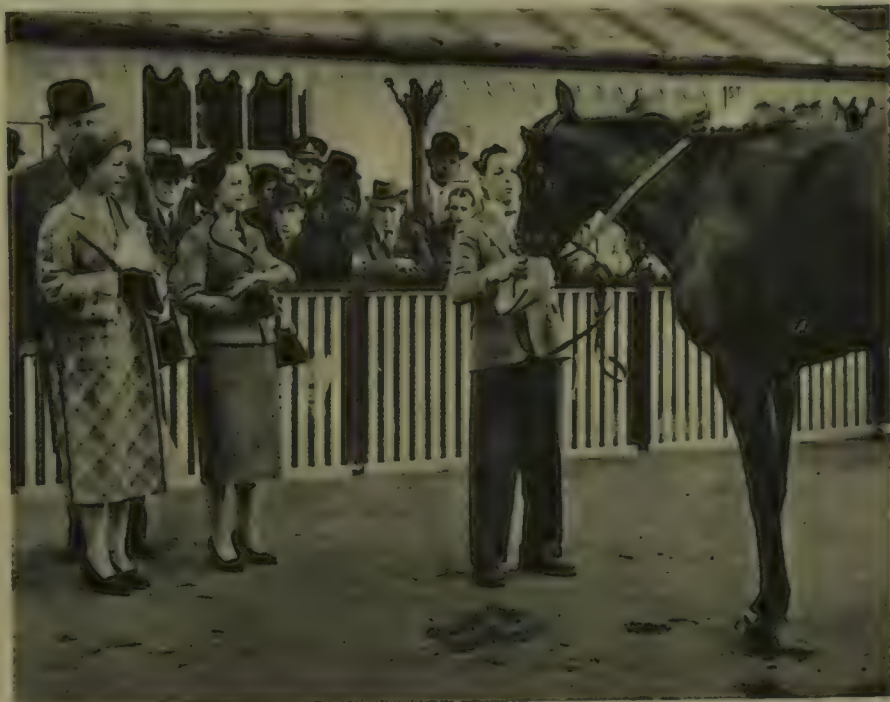
(LEFT.)

THE BRITISH AUTOMOBILE RACING CLUB'S EASTER MONDAY MEETING AT GOODWOOD: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT PHOTOGRAPHING THE RACING.

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent attended the British Automobile Racing Club's Easter Monday meeting at Goodwood, and took photographs. Roy Salvadori won three events, including the Richmond Formula 1. Race for the Glover Trophy. Stirling Moss had a disappointing day.



THE QUEEN MOTHER ENTERTAINING WAR ORPHANS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: HER MAJESTY CUTTING THE CAKE, WITH SIR REGINALD DENNING, CHAIRMAN OF S.S.A.F.A. The seventieth anniversary of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association was marked by two days of celebrations in London. Seventy war orphans from different parts of the country were entertained at the Association's club in London; the Navy, Army and R.A.F. acted as hosts in turn; and, as the culmination of the programme, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother held a tea-party for them at St. James's Palace, and herself cut the cake bearing seventy candles.



THE QUEEN'S RACING WIN AT KEMPTON PARK: HER MAJESTY AND PRINCESS MARGARET AFTER ALEXANDER HAD WON THE 2000 GUINEAS TRIAL STAKES. The Queen and Princess Margaret were at Kempton Park on April 9 to see her Majesty's *Alexander*, with W. Carr up, win the 2000 Guineas Trial Stakes, after starting at 100-8, from the favourite *Our Babu*, which started at 6-4 on. *Our Babu* headed the Free Handicap for two-year-olds last season. *Lycidas*, ridden by C. Smirke, which started at 25-1, was third. Our photograph shows her Majesty and the Princess with *Alexander* in the unsaddling enclosure after the race.

MEN AND EVENTS: NEWS FROM ABROAD RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



VISITING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH:
MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT WITH TWO OF HER SONS AND MR. A. HARRIMAN.
 On April 12, the tenth anniversary of the sudden death of President Roosevelt, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, two of her sons and Mr. Averell Harriman visited his grave at Hyde Park, New York. In London the Pilgrims of Great Britain placed a wreath at the foot of the Roosevelt statue in Grosvenor Square.



DEFENDING THE UNITED STATES EXPENDITURE IN EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST: MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES ADDRESSING THE ORGANISATION OF AMERICAN STATES.
 On April 14, Pan-America Day—the U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, addressed the Organisation of American States in Washington. He said that "enormous sums" spent by the United States in Europe and the Far East "have been expended to safeguard the security and peace of my country—and for yours."



THE OPENING OF THE THIRTY-THIRD MILAN INDUSTRIAL FAIR BY PRESIDENT EINAUDI:
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE CEREMONIES.

This photograph shows the scene at the Palace of Nations in Milan on April 12, when President Luigi Einaudi of Italy opened the thirty-third Milan Industrial Fair. Forty-four countries from east and west are exhibiting at this fair, which is being held until April 27.



AN HISTORIC DAY FOR INDIA: GADULVA LOHARS, LED BY MR. NEHRU, ENTERING ONE OF THE SEVEN GATES OF FORT CHITTOR.

On April 6 Mr. Nehru led more than 2000 Gadulva Lohars—the wandering blacksmiths of India—back into Fort Chittor. Nearly 400 years ago their ancestors pledged themselves to a nomad life until Chittor was liberated. Mr. Nehru promised that the Government would help them to settle down.



IN BAGHDAD: THE SIGNING OF A NEW TREATY BETWEEN BRITAIN AND IRAQ, WHICH PRECEDED BRITAIN'S MEMBERSHIP OF THE TURCO-IRAQI DEFENCE PACT.

On April 4, in Baghdad, the special agreement setting out the terms of defence co-operation between Britain and Iraq was signed by General Nuri al-Said, the Iraqi Premier (centre, dark suit), and Mr. Turton (left), the Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary of State, who had flown out for the occasion.



AT UNITED NATIONS H.Q. IN NEW YORK: THE SIGNING OF THE BASIC AGREEMENT ON TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE FOR THE SUDAN ON APRIL 4.

This photograph, taken at the U.N. headquarters in New York, shows (l. to r.) Dr. Omer Lutfi, the Egyptian delegate to the U.N.; Mr. David Owen, Executive Chairman of the Technical Assistance Board, representing the U.N. and specialised agencies, and Sir Pierson Dixon, the United Kingdom representative to U.N.



AMPUTATIONS RECOMMENDED FOR "THE CINDERELLA OF THE TRANSPORT SERVICES": A MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE BOARD OF SURVEY OF CANALS AND INLAND WATERWAYS.

On April 8, 1954, a Board of Survey of Canals and Inland Waterways was appointed by the British Transport Commission to report on the waterways owned by the Commission; and their report was published on April 13 this year. The report divides the waterways into four groups. One of these is the Caledonian and Crinan Canals, which for many years have been run at a handsome loss. These they suggest should be transferred to the Secretary of State for Scotland, together with other canals in Scotland. The remainder fall into three groups: (I) those which carry substantial traffic and which should be developed—these are shown as a thick broken line; (II) those which appear to be worth retaining and maintaining for the present—shown with an unbroken line, thick or thin, according to the width of the canal; and (III) those which have insufficient commercial prospects to justify their retention for navigation—shown with a dot-and-dash line (about a third of the total mileage). Two canals, marked with an

asterisk—the Staffordshire and Worcestershire, and the Worcester and Birmingham—are regarded as alternative, one or other should be retained, one or other discarded. The mileage of these three groups is: (I) 336; (II) 994; and (III) 771. Detailed figures are given in the report of income and expenditure; and for the year 1953 (a good year), the total deficit of all groups owned by the Commission was £102,060. Of this the Scottish canals showed a deficit of £78,294; and the Welsh canals (including the Welsh branches of the Shropshire Union) a deficit of £44,651. From this it would appear that the English canals made a profit of £20,885. Despite this, it is, however, proposed to close to navigation some 518 miles of English canals (including those which have already been allowed to lapse). The Survey states that the group III canals involve a charge of about £200,000 per annum. It will be recalled that the British Transport Commission propose to spend £1,240,000,000 on modernising and re-equipping the railways.

Map based on that in "Canals and Inland Waterways: Report of the Board of Survey," published by the British Transport Commission; price 8s. 6d., obtainable from the Publishers, 222, Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1.

THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE "DEVONSHIRE HOUSE TRIANGLE."

"DEAREST BESS: The Life and Times of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, from Her Unpublished Journals and Correspondence"; by DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

A FEW weeks ago I reviewed in this place a volume by Lord Bessborough containing the letters of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire—"Gainsborough's Duchess"—wife of that able but lethargic fifth Duke, who was a friend of clever men, who knew Shakespeare by heart, and could declaim him with ardour and accuracy; and drifted through life without any steady aim of serving a cause, and without using his considerable, inherited, and still to our own day inherited, talents. In that book it was inevitable that there should loom large Lady Elizabeth Foster, who was the Duke's mistress while his legitimate wife was alive, who was the dearest friend of that wife (the Duchess knew that Lady Elizabeth periodically went



"A WOMAN, NEXT-DOOR TO A GENIUS, WHO WENT THROUGH EVERY KIND OF TRIAL AND TRIBULATION AND FOUND A SPIRITUAL HOME AT LAST": LADY ELIZABETH FOSTER.

Painted by Angelica Kauffman in 1784. Reproduced by courtesy of the Dowager Marchioness of Bristol.

abroad to bear a child to her husband, and, possibly through pique, herself conceived a child by the future Lord Grey of the Reform Bill), and whom he made his legal wife after Georgiana was dead. Now comes a book about Lady Elizabeth herself, written by Miss Stuart, whose expert knowledge of the period has been demonstrated on several former occasions, notably in her "Daughters of George the Third." Unpublished letters and a diary are drawn on: and one is left with the conclusion that if the Duke had met and married Lady Elizabeth Hervey before he met and married Lady Georgiana Spencer, a better time might have been had by all concerned.

Lady Elizabeth was born a Hervey. The early eighteenth century produced a maxim to the effect that the human race was divided into three sections: "Men, women and Herveys"; and if "Dearest Bess" behaved oddly, she was only following in the footsteps of her nearest relations. Her grandfather was the son of the first Earl of Bristol, the Lord Hervey who married the beautiful Molly Lepell, was savagely lampooned by Pope, and left behind him those very graphic and caustic Diaries which throw a lurid light on the Court circle of the early Georges. Of her uncle, the third Earl, a biography was published a year or two ago: he was a first-class sailor, married the bigamous Elizabeth Chudleigh, who was the original of Beatrix in Thackeray's "Esmond," stuck up for the murdered Admiral Byng, and played Casanova in every Mediterranean port to which he had access. And her father, the fourth Earl, and Bishop of Derry, was the strangest of the lot. He parted from his wife, after a carriage-drive which had begun amicably, and never saw her more. He built huge palaces. In his Irish diocese he got on with both Protestants and Catholics in an astonishing way. And, later in life, he began those remarkable peregrinations of Europe with long trains of carriages, attendants and trunks, which made him the best customer amongst "English milords"

which Continental Hotels have ever had—which is saying a lot. "Hotels Bristol" began to be called after him. The catering world came to think that the word "Bristol" gave a cachet to a place. For all I know there may be a Hotel Bristol in Lhasa. This I do know: that a quarter-of-a-century ago a young friend of mine made a tour through all the South American Republics wrote me amusing letters from his various ports of call; and that, on his notepaper from the remotest parts of Bolivia and Paraguay, the superscription invariably ran "Hotel Bristol." Whether the proprietors of the establishments know whence their names derive, I cannot say: and since, if I ever had a rich uncle in Australia he must have died by now, I don't see how I can make enquiries on the spot. But I conceive that, were I to make such an enquiry, a swarthy manager, with a black moustache curling up at both ends, would reply: "Ah, but Saire, Breestol zat is ze proper name for a 'Otel.'" And a wandering commercial-traveller from the ancient Western port, trying to popularise Bristol Milk or certain brands of cigarettes, might bristle with pride on arriving at La Paz, to find the name of his birth-place blazoned in neon-lights above the city, and think that tribute was being made to the connection between his "home-town" and the exploits of the Cabots in the Western World. Not a bit of it: the sign is only a ripple from a stone flung into the European pool long ago by an "Earl-Bishop" who was a Hervey.

Lady Elizabeth had her family background; in youth she had an Irish background. Presumably through her father's contiguity, she married an Irish squireen, son of a clergyman who was also a member of the Irish House of Commons. John Thomas Foster is described by Miss Stuart as having "almost all the qualities needed to make a bad husband; he was parsimonious, exacting, irascible, intemperate and unfaithful"—and you can't say much more than that. The pair bred two sons, one of whom became Minister in Washington, and the other a Member of Parliament. I can't help wondering whether we know all about Foster's nature and attitude: he may have been a solid squire who was bewildered by the butterfly to whom he had been temporarily allied: he may even have "taken to drink" because he didn't understand her. Anyhow, the marriage was doomed to failure: Emily Brontë could hardly have made a good match with Squire Western.

Well, Squire Western, or possibly a baser man, went out of the picture: that strange Duke of Devonshire

came into it. Then there ensued that astounding *ménage à trois* which has attracted and bewildered so many writers. "Why," some people ask, "bother so much about these two women, neither of them more talented than plenty of clever women we have all known, and neither more beautiful nor more sensible



"LOOKS WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN RECKONED GOOD": BESS IN 1819. Drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence in Rome and reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

Illustrations from the book "Dearest Bess"; by courtesy of the Publisher, Methuen.



"THE DUCHESS"—BESS IN LATER LIFE. Reproduced by courtesy of Lord Dormer.

Marie Antoinette, Count Fersen, La Fayette, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Josephine, Nelson, St. Vincent, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Byron, Lady Hamilton, Madame Récamier, Madame de Staël, and a host of others." Even a commonplace recorder of such people would be treasured by posterity. She wasn't commonplace. She ended her life in Rome, a friend of Cardinals, and a patron of all the arts. "Two days after the death of the Duchess, Monsieur d'Artaud wrote a brief memoir which the filial piety of Sir Augustus Clifford gathered up in a privately printed collection of her 'Anecdotes and Sketches' many years later. Tribute is paid to the success of her excavations (including the discovery of the Column of Phocas), the splendour of her editions of the classics, her bounty to the poor of Rome, the grace with which she did the honours of her house, but, above all, to her unfailing *douceur*. 'Those who saw her die,' writes Artaud, quoting Bossuet's funeral oration on Henrietta of Orleans, 'might say of her—she was gentle with death as she was wont to be with all the world.'"

She was obviously a very able woman; and, in spite of many temptations (two other Dukes sought her hand), she was faithful to the Duke, of whose Duchess she was the dearest friend. It all seems rather complicated; but isn't life always that? Are we any of us perfect? Miss Stuart has produced an entirely sympathetic book about a woman, next-door to a genius, who went through every kind of trial and tribulation and found a spiritual home at last.



BESS'S "DEAR, DEAR BROTHER": JOHN AUGUSTUS, LORD HERVEY.

By Gainsborough. Reproduced by courtesy of the Dowager Marchioness of Bristol.

* "Dearest Bess: The Life and Times of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, from Her Unpublished Journals and Correspondence." By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. Illustrated. (Methuen; 21s.)



CANADA'S FIRST NATIVE-BORN GOVERNOR-GENERAL : HIS EXCELLENCY THE RT. HON. VINCENT MASSEY, P.C., C.H.

Mr. Vincent Massey, eighteenth and first Canadian-born Governor-General of Canada, was born in Toronto in 1887, and is bi-lingual—speaking French and English. Educated in Toronto and at Balliol College, Oxford, he became Minister without Portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet in 1925, and in the following year attended the Imperial Conference in London. He was H.M. Canadian Minister to the U.S. 1926–30, President of the National Liberal Federation of Canada, 1932–35; and High Commissioner for Canada in the U.K. from 1935–46, so his outstanding charm and distinction are as well known and as greatly appreciated in this country as in Canada. A connoisseur of painting and great benefactor to art galleries, he was Trustee of the Tate Gallery 1942–46, and of the National

Gallery 1941–46 (Chairman 1943–46). During his three years in office as representative of the Sovereign in Canada he has travelled 70,000 miles and is planning an extended tour in the North of the Dominion for 1956. A fine speaker, he is the first Canadian Governor-General to have addressed a joint session of Congress at Washington. In a recent interview in a Canadian paper he stressed the strength of Canada's link with the Crown, which he regards as "a unifying force, vital to Canadians." His official entertainments at Rideau Hall are notable for their warm, informal atmosphere. Our photograph, by an accomplished young French-speaking Canadian photographer, "Gaby" (Mr. Gabriel Desmarais), has been chosen by Mr. Massey for the new Canadian "Who's Who."

Camera Portrait by Gaby.

WHEN a British Prime Minister quits office and is succeeded by another from the same party, and who has served under him, some speculation about the future is natural. Will the new man follow a different line of policy, and if so, where? Whether he does so or not, will the change make any difference to the authority of the British Government at home or abroad? On the present occasion, however, such questions look far more important than usual. It is a very different situation from that, for example, of Chamberlain's succession to Baldwin. No one living, not even a veteran who recalls Gladstone, remembers a Prime Minister of a stature comparable to that of Sir Winston Churchill. He has long been regarded as the greatest political figure in the world. He is a symbolic figure. He is regarded with general affection and pride, irrespective of party. His retirement itself, even without relation to the future, has been the dominant topic of the world's news—ironically, at a moment when his own country has had no National Press to comment on it.

A good many observers seem to be expecting more changes than are likely to occur. They speak of Sir Anthony Eden's connection with foreign affairs throughout his career, and suggest that it may have withdrawn him from contact with home affairs. In fact, though Sir Winston's interests have been wider, they have certainly not been mainly connected with subjects such as economics, trade, the exchanges, or education. There have been extreme cases—a relatively recent one was that of Grey—of a Minister becoming so absorbed in foreign affairs that he took little notice of what was going on outside them. Lloyd George was infuriated, because Grey would write letters at Cabinet Meetings when subjects other than his own were being discussed. This is not the case with the present Prime Minister. Without comparing Eden and Grey in any other respects, it seems fair to say that the former is the better-known to the country and possesses a wider popularity.

When we consider the implications of the succession of Sir Anthony Eden our eye is likely to fall on Soviet Russia first of all, and our thoughts will turn to consider the impression it is likely to make in Moscow. In one respect it will not be unfavourable. The Russian rulers have never altogether forgotten Churchill's part in allied intervention in favour of the Whites, and perhaps do not realise that it was Cabinet policy. In another way it may be less good. Russians held Sir Winston's forcefulness and prestige in respect. They may not consider Sir Anthony as strong a man and statesman. Where British policy is concerned any change of importance is unlikely in the extreme. Suggestions have been made that a conference on the highest level is peculiarly the policy of the former Prime Minister and is disliked by the present one. There may well be nuances differentiating their attitudes, but it is straining evidence to suggest fundamental differences of approach.

The effect upon the United States is a more complex consideration. Nowhere is Sir Winston Churchill more revered. Nowhere is he more confidently acclaimed as the greatest man in the world. His type is more sympathetic to Americans than that of Sir Anthony Eden. And both many Americans and a considerable number of Britons feel that Churchill was less inclined to remonstrate with the United States Government than Eden is likely to be because, in the eyes of the former, criticism might weaken the alliance, and he regarded that as tampering with the defence of the free world. Yet the past twelve-month has greatly added to the respect in which Eden's views and actions are held in the United States and to his personal popularity. To many who had not been familiar with his character an altogether new picture of him has emerged.

Again, American opinion is never all one. The Eastern States always take an interest in relations with Britain and know a good deal about them. The Middle West, which has still in its head a hang-over from Isolationism, is less interested, knows less, and is less friendly. Western America looks in the direction of the Pacific, but is, none the less, closer to Britain than the Middle West. On the whole, it appears that people are more likely to exaggerate than to underrate the effect of the change in Prime Ministers. The dealings between the two countries will be largely influenced by events, and new ones will have little relation to those of the past, to its controversies, or its political figures. The Americans, from the State Department to the man in the street, will take us as they find us. This is not to say that our contacts with the United States, and the estimation in which we are held there,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FROM CHURCHILL TO EDEN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

are anything short of highly important at this juncture, or that what has taken place does not justify us in giving even more attention to them now than usual.

Everyone is agreed that Sir Anthony's succession should have a good effect in India. He has been on the friendliest terms with Mr. Nehru, and the two have co-operated fruitfully in international politics. Fewer people have noted the less promising factor that success with India does not necessarily lead to success

"MISS SKETCH" IN A NEW DRESS: THE FIRST OF A REGULAR SERIES OF COVERS IN COLOUR.



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FOR thirty-two years our sister-paper, *The Sketch*, has carried on its cover the well-known figure of "Miss Sketch," with her tray of little figures representing the world of fashion and entertainment, above a number of advertisements. Sometimes—for special numbers and on great occasions—a cover in full colour has replaced the standard one. But "the old order changeth, yielding place to new," and henceforth *The Sketch*, which comes out fortnightly, on alternate Wednesdays, will always have a coloured cover, different, gay, lively and reflecting the mode, season or occasion to which it refers.

Among new contributors to *The Sketch* are Stephen Watts (Motley Notes); and Dick Richards (The Bright Lights), while J. C. Trewin and C. A. Lejeune discuss the theatre and films respectively. Cyril Butcher (Television) and Angela Milne (Books) are also members of the team of witty writers who make *The Sketch* a paper to be read as well as looked at. You can get this new issue from your usual bookstall or newsagent.

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with Pakistan—that, indeed, the contrary is more likely to be the result of it. Yet this applies only to the politics of the Indian sub-continent. As regards the world at large, Sir Anthony is closer to Pakistan than to India. Whereas India dislikes military alliances, he has played a part in encouraging a network of alliances in the Middle East, with which Pakistan is linked. However, India at present occupies a position of high importance with relation to Asia as a whole, and the prospect of close and friendly contact with her in this respect is one to be welcomed.

For the Commonwealth countries of European blood Sir Winston's stature was gigantic. They may also have felt that the family conception of the Commonwealth was more deeply implanted in him than in his successor. Yet it may be doubted whether such dangers as face the white Commonwealth have a close connection with personalities, however eminent. They are more bound up with the racial origin of immigrants and sometimes with the teaching of unimaginative, illiberal and unhelpful British history to the young, on top of the obvious factors, such as trade. Commonwealth relations have certainly improved in the last few years. Their betterment

more or less coincided with Sir Winston's assumption of office, and is likely to have been affected by it, but there is no reason to expect any decline under the Premiership of Sir Anthony.

When we turn to home we are reminded of a consideration not yet mentioned, that nothing done or left undone by Eden, no opinion formed of him abroad, can be of much significance unless he finds himself still Prime Minister next year. And this will depend upon a General Election, the result of which, in its turn, will depend, at least in part, on the opinion of the country about the qualities of the statesman now in office. There two influences are thought by some to be in conflict: the popularity of the late Prime Minister reflecting fresh popularity for his Party, and the departure of so great a figure inducing the feeling that the Party has been shorn of some of its spirit. The former is sentimental, the latter practical but at the same time probably the weaker. From the Party point of view it may be still more significant that Sir Anthony Eden is a more typical modern Conservative than Sir Winston Churchill, more of the Party, likely to be more at home, and to some sections more welcome as leader.

For any Prime Minister the home scene, despite prosperity and full employment, presents some ugly obstacles: lack of balance between imports and exports; declines in certain major industries; a rising cost of living, bearing along with it wage rises over a wide section of the artisan and labouring population, which cannot fail to raise the cost of living—or decrease the value of the currency—still further: a poor rate of production in industries where the machinery does not dictate the pace, the building trade, for example. Some danger exists that British shipbuilding may, to a certain degree, price itself out of the market. Home affairs always loom larger before a General Election, though, on this occasion, a great deal may be made of the question of negotiation "at the top" with Russia. However, even if there were no General Election in sight this year, the Prime Minister and the Government would have to concentrate a large share of their attention on the home country. And prospects of a General Election are unsettling.

I am one, I believe, of many who hold that the change in Prime Ministers will not be very widely reflected. The retirement of Sir Winston Churchill has been long expected, and so, in some degree, discounted. Let it be granted that, even if we know the departure from the scene of his activities of a great man and a dominating personality to be inevitable and imminent, we feel deep emotion when it comes. It is as right as it is natural that we should. None the less, the effect of the inevitable and imminent wears off quicker than that of the unexpected and sudden. The majority of the people of this country are conscious that their age has also been that of a statesman hardly rivalled in all its history and of a war leader unrivalled. But they will also realise that the conduct of their affairs has passed to other hands, and judge those responsible, in the main, by their good will and their success. "In the main," has to be added, because frivolous and unreasonable factors cannot be altogether excluded from popular judgments. We are probably freer from them than most nations.

So Sir Anthony Eden joins a line of British Prime Ministers which contains but two or three superb names, many more good ones, some indifferent, and, again, two or three admittedly bad. He has high qualities of intelligence, experience, popularity, industry and quickness of mind. He is not a great orator, but always knows his subject. He does not stand at the head of one of the "great Ministries," which have not been seen in this country since the First World War, but he has sound and hard-working support behind him.



A NEW GOVERNMENT APPOINTMENT: DR. CHARLES HILL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Dr. Charles Hill succeeds Earl De La Warr as Postmaster-General. Formerly known to listeners as the "Radio Doctor," he has represented Luton since 1950, and has been Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food, since 1951. President (formerly Chairman) of the World Medical Association, he was Secretary of the British Medical Association, 1944-45, and is the author of books on health subjects. Other Ministerial changes were illustrated in our last week's issue.

In particular, his three leading lieutenants—Mr. Butler, Mr. Macmillan and Lord Salisbury—are men of such ability that any Prime Minister might be glad to have them as officers of his political team. Except that everyone has told the new Prime Minister he is not as great a personality as the last—true enough, but not particularly helpful—he has had a kind and friendly welcome at home and abroad. But government and the conduct of affairs are matters of business, appreciated as such, not generally assessed by comparisons with the past. If there will be some who say, "Churchill would have done so-and-so," there will be as many who answer: "No, he wouldn't." Once again, the new Government, any Government, will stand on its own legs.

THE U.S. NAVY "FLYING PLATFORM" TESTED: A DUCTED FAN AIRCRAFT IN FREE FLIGHT.



A REAL "FLYING SAUCER" SAILING THROUGH THE AIR IN FREE FLIGHT. THE PILOT CONTROLS THE DIRECTION BY SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT ON THE PLATFORM.



ADJUSTING THE STRAPS ON THE PILOT'S FEET BEFORE TAKING OFF. THE "FLYING PLATFORM" IS POWERED BY TWO ENGINES DEVELOPING LESS THAN 100 H.P.



TESTING THE AIRCRAFT WHILE TETHERED WITH SUPPORTING AND RESTRAINING CABLES BEFORE ATTEMPTING FREE FLIGHT. THE TWO PROPELLERS, ROTATING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, ARE ENCLOSED IN A CIRCULAR CASING TO PROTECT THE PILOT FROM THE BLADES. THE MAKERS BELIEVE THAT THE PRINCIPLES OF THE DUCTED FAN FOR LIFT AND PROPULSION, AND OF DIRECTIONAL CONTROL BY WEIGHT-SHIFTING, MAY BE APPLIED TO MILITARY AIRCRAFT AFTER A PERIOD OF FURTHER RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT.

Described as the first aircraft using a ducted fan for lift and propulsion to attain free flight, the "flying platform," a research machine developed by Hiller Helicopters of Palo Alto, California, in conjunction with the U.S. Navy, has made successful short flights in the charge of its one-man crew. The pilot stands on a small, circular platform while two propellers, rotating in opposite directions, suck air through holes in the platform and supply a downward thrust, which in turn supplies the vertical lift. The propellers, which are enclosed in a circular casing to protect the pilot from the blades, are powered by separate engines

which develop less than 100 h.p. The direction of the machine is governed by the pilot shifting his weight and position on the platform. Aircraft operated on similar principles have been developed previously but have not attained free flight. Extensive tests were carried out on the "Flying Platform" while tethered with supporting and restraining cables, before free flight was attempted. It is believed that although such principles have possible application in larger vertical flight aircraft, further research and development will be necessary before this stage is achieved.

HARDY HIMALAYAN HIGHLANDERS: THE SHERPAS OF EASTERN NEPAL—MEN OF A RACE IN GREAT DEMAND DURING THE MOUNTAINEERING SEASON.

By PROFESSOR CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF, of the School of Oriental and African Studies,
University of London.

The season of mountaineering expeditions to peaks in the Nepalese Himalayas has opened and this year eleven expeditions from many countries, including Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan, have been initiated. The Government of Nepal is trying to help the expeditions on their way to the mountains, and Government officers will look to their security during the approach stage, but one of the chief problems is the lack of porters, since about 5000 will be required. It is also thought that there may be a shortage of Sherpas, the hardy Himalayan highlanders, on whose skill, courage and endurance the success of expeditions so frequently depends. Trained Sherpas are available only at Darjeeling, where a mountaineering school was opened recently under the supervision of the most famous of all Sherpas, Tensing. Although the Sherpas of the Everest region are known throughout the world by name and reputation, comparatively little is known about the inhabitants of the remoter districts from the anthropologist's point of view, and the article and photographs on this and the following pages by PROFESSOR CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF, are of outstanding interest. PROFESSOR VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF writes:—

UNTIL five years ago the ancient kingdom of Nepal, which extends for nearly 500 miles between India and Tibet, was a land closed to both travellers and scientists. Even the members of the British Embassy, the only foreigners who were then allowed to dwell in Kathmandu, were not permitted to venture beyond the immediate environs of the capital, and this ruling extended to the chosen few who from time to time were invited to visit Kathmandu as the guests of the Maharaja. First-hand knowledge of Nepal was thus confined to the narrow precincts of the Kathmandu Valley, its city civilization and its remarkable monuments. True, in the years 1924-1926 Indian officers of the Survey of India were permitted to undertake a reconnaissance survey of the whole country, but such information on its numerous distinct

additions to the ethnographic knowledge of Nepal were insignificant.

The first opportunity for systematic anthropological investigations arose in 1953, when a research project of the School of Oriental and African Studies and a grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation of Anthropological Research enabled the author and his wife to undertake a preliminary survey of the various ethnic groups within three districts of Eastern Nepal. As outside the Kathmandu Valley and its newly established road-link with India, all travel in Nepal is done on foot, the ground covered in the course of four months' work was necessarily limited. But so great was the cultural, racial and linguistic diversity prevailing even within the comparatively small area of some 250 square miles, that we found no fewer than seven different and mutually understandable languages and encountered an even greater number of communities distinct in traditions, social customs and religious beliefs.

The geographical distribution of these ethnic groups is largely determined by the altitude of the various parts of the country. Differences in elevation of 5000 to 6000 ft. within a range of a few miles are nothing unusual in Nepal, and a mapping of the different populations produces a pattern of extraordinary intricacy. The Newars, the creators of the ancient civilization of the Kathmandu Valley, favour altitudes of about 5000 ft.; the Brahmins and Chetris, largely descendants of immigrants who fled from India three to four hundred years ago, are found mainly between the 3000 and 5000 ft. contours; the Tamangs, a Mongolid tribe professing a local form of Buddhism, thrive as high as 6000 to 8000 ft. above sea-level; and wherever the country exceeds the 8000 ft. line one finds the settlements of Sherpas, a large population of high-altitude dwellers, which extends along the Nepal-Tibet border from a point three days' walk north of Kathmandu as far east as the headwaters of the Arun or perhaps even further towards the Sikkim border.

The centre of Sherpa culture, however, lies in the high valleys of Khumbu at the approaches to Mount Everest. Sixteen marches, involving the crossing of several 16,000-ft. passes, brought us from Kathmandu to Namche Bazaar, and at the end of September we settled in Khumjung, a village some 14,000 ft. high, sprawling over a broad valley surrounded by glittering snow-peaks. Khumjung, like most of the neighbouring Sherpa villages, lies close to the tree-line, and except for some juniper trees in a small grove near the Buddhist temple, there are only stunted shrubs and bushes and a very few isolated pines.

The great height of the village has no adverse effect on the standard of living and the high-altitude Sherpas appear as a prosperous population of farmers, herdsmen and traders. The main villages are large settlements, consisting of anything between fifty and a hundred solidly built stone houses, with a ground floor comprising store-rooms and shelter for young calves, and an upper floor taken up mainly by one large hall, used as a combined living-room, kitchen and bedroom. The floor of this hall is made of stout, well-finished planks and along the wall stand beautifully carved shelves, chests and cupboards, filled with shining copper vessels. The houses of some rich men include a private chapel or *gompa*, artistically decorated with frescoes depicting scenes from Buddhist scriptures.

At the time of our arrival the fields of Khumjung, surrounded by low rubble walls, were copper-red with crops of ripening buckwheat, and groups of women, working in long lines, were busy with the potato harvest. Buckwheat and potatoes are, at these heights, the main crops, though the latter were introduced only some fifty years ago, when an enterprising Sherpa, still well remembered in the area, brought the first potatoes from Darjeeling. They grew so well, that to-day the Sherpas have practically a surplus of food; they export dried potatoes to Tibet and feed Tibetan workers who annually come across the passes to help with the harvest. The only other food crops grown in Khumbu are a variety of turnips and some spinach-like vegetables.

But at Dingboche, practically at the foot of Mount Everest, at an altitude of about 16,000 ft., they grow a peculiar type of "black" barley on irrigated fields lying amidst a wilderness of rocks and bare hillsides.

Most of the agricultural work is done with hoes, and in Khumbu it is only occasionally that a Sherpa will use a plough drawn either by men or by *zophio*, a sturdy cross-breed between yak and ox.

While the tending of the fields is mainly the task of women, the men devote much of their time and energy to the rearing of yak, the cattle which provide the Sherpas with several of the basic necessities of life. Without their milk and butter man could hardly exist throughout the year in altitudes where vegetarian

sources of fat and protein are lacking. The hair of the yak is woven into warm and durable blankets essential to the herdsman, who spends many nights on the high pastures. The cattle economy of the Sherpas has given rise to a peculiar type of seasonal nomadism. Unlike the pastoralist of the Central Asian steppes the Sherpa yak-owner does not migrate with his whole family and all his belongings, to erect his tent wherever opportunity offers, but follows a strictly circumscribed routine which has its closest parallel in the *alm*-economy of the Swiss and Austrian Alps. Besides a main house in his home village, he owns several subsidiary dwellings at different altitudes. In each locality he tends carefully walled-in grass fields, cutting the hay at the end of the summer months and storing it against the time when the pastures are under snow. In a regular cycle extending over the whole year he moves from yak station to yak station, grazing his animals on the open hill slopes when the weather permits, but feeding them on the stored hay when outside feeding is impracticable. It is only in July and August that he takes the yak to grazing-grounds well above the



IN FRONT OF A SHERPA HOUSE: A TALL FLAG OF WHITE CLOTH PRINTED WITH TIBETAN PRAYERS. THE PUTTING UP OF SUCH FLAGS IS ONE OF THE MEANS OF ATTAINING MERIT AND SECURING DIVINE PROTECTION.

17,000 ft. line, and camps there in roofless rubble shelters over which he spreads a coarsely woven yak-hair blanket.

It is not only the herding of yak which takes the Sherpa away from home. Trading expeditions to Tibet and to the lower regions of Nepal lead him even further afield, and trade is to-day one of the pillars of Sherpa prosperity. Every October, when the crops have been harvested and the yaks have been brought down from the high pastures, parties of Sherpas set out on journeys to Tibet. At that time of the year the weather is usually clear and the Nangpa La, a pass of some 18,000 ft., is free of snow. The wealthier men travel with caravans of yak, but many less affluent people carry loads of 70 lb. and more on the five-days trek across uninhabited country. The trade goods they take to Tibet are mainly rice, maize, dried sliced potatoes and turnips, spices, unrefined sugar, buffalo-hides and hand-made paper, and in return they obtain Tibetan salt and wool as well as luxury goods such as jewellery, silver and porcelain cups, and Chinese silks and brocades. Much of the salt is traded down to neighbouring peoples in the lower country just as many of the goods exported to Tibet come from regions below Khumbu. There is also a regular export of cross-breeds between yak and ox to Tibet, and an import of young yaks from neighbouring Tibetan districts.

The Sherpas have practically a monopoly of this trade, for although some Tibetan traders come across the high passes, they do not venture into the lower country, and rely on selling their goods to Sherpa merchants of Khumbu and particularly of Namche Bazaar.

With the herding of yaks on the high pastures and regular trading trips to Tibet and the lowlands, Sherpas do not spend much time in their main homesteads, and usually it is only during a few weeks of the year that all members of a family dwell together in one place. The system by which two or even three brothers may marry one wife seems well adjusted to such frequent dispersals of the family members, and a polyandrous household can engage in multifarious economic activities beyond the scope of a single couple. [Continued opposite



A MANI-WALL ON A PATH IN THE SOLU AREA, WITH NUMBUR (22,817 FT.) AND KARYOLUNG (21,920 FT.) IN THE BACKGROUND. MANI-WALLS CONTAINING TABLETS ENGRAVED WITH BUDDHIST PRAYERS ARE BUILT BY SHERPAS WHO WISH TO ACQUIRE RELIGIOUS MERIT AND SOCIAL RECOGNITION.

populations as found its way into the scanty literature has been gleaned from Gurkha soldiers enlisted in the Indian Army or other Nepalese nationals settled outside the confines of their own country.

Once the restrictions on travel in the interior of Nepal were relaxed, mountaineering expeditions from Britain and other European countries set out to conquer various famous Himalayan peaks, and several naturalists, partly attached to such expeditions, and partly working independently, engaged in botanical and ornithological investigations. But from the anthropologist's point of view the remoter districts remained virtually *terra incognita*, for the interest of most mountaineers and foreign travellers in the country's inhabitants was confined to their qualities as carriers of burdens and providers of victuals, and

SHERPA MEN AND WOMEN: A FIRST ANTHROPOLOGICAL FIELD STUDY.



WITH HER NEW-BORN BABY IN A BASKET CRADLE SUSPENDED FROM HER HEAD: A YOUNG SHERPA MOTHER.



REPRESENTATIVE OF A TYPE FOUND MOST FREQUENTLY IN THE YELMU REGION: A YOUNG SHERPA WOMAN.



TURNING A SILVER PRAYER-WHEEL: ANGNIMA, A SHERPA OF KHAMJUNG VILLAGE, WHO CLAIMS TO BE EIGHTY-TWO.



A SHERPA WOMAN WEAVING WITH A TIBETAN-TYPE LOOM. THE WOMEN OF KHAMBU ARE ALL EXPERT WEAVERS.



TWO BROTHERS OF THAMOTE VILLAGE, WHO LIVE WITH A JOINT WIFE IN A POLYANDROUS HOUSEHOLD. THEIR WOOLLEN COATS ARE MADE OF MATERIAL IMPORTED FROM TIBET.



WITH THE TYPICAL MONGOLOID FEATURES OF HIS RACE: A SHERPA MAN OF KHAMJUNG WHO, LIKE MOST UNSOPHISTICATED SHERPAS, WEARS HIS HAIR LONG.



A SHERPA GIRL WINDING YARN ON TO A SPINDLE FOR USE AT THE LOOM. SHERPA MEN AND WOMEN ARE EXPERT SPINNERS.



THE DAUGHTER OF A TIBETAN LAMA AND A SHERPA MOTHER: A GIRL OF KHAMJUNG. INTER-MARRIAGE BETWEEN TIBETANS AND SHERPAS IS FREQUENT.

Continued.]

Indeed, it is mainly economic considerations which decide brothers to content themselves with a joint wife, for as long as they do not found separate families their estate is managed as an undivided unit, house, land and cattle being held in common. I remember one Sherpa father explaining proudly how his sons were "so good and dutiful" that they did not want to separate and split the family property, but

preferred to marry one girl. The children of such polygamous marriages are considered the joint offspring of both husbands and speculation as to the physical paternity of a woman's children is of no social importance. While in the polygamous households of many Indian peoples the jealousy and rivalry of co-wives is a recognized pattern of behaviour, and one which finds expression as a recurrent motif in folk

[Continued overleaf.]

IN THE REMOTE EVEREST REGION: LIFE IN EASTERN NEPAL.



THE HIGHEST PERMANENTLY INHABITED SETTLEMENT IN THE DUDH KOSI VALLEY, LEADING TOWARDS CHO-UYU: THE SHERPA VILLAGE OF PHORTSE (APPROX. 15,000 FT.).



AT THE FOOT OF EVEREST AND INHABITED ONLY IN SUMMER: THE SETTLEMENT OF DINGBOCHE, WHERE SHERPAS GROW BARLEY AT AN ALTITUDE OF ABOUT 16,000 FT.



PROTECTING THE SHERPAS' MAIN FOOD FROM COLD IN THE KHUMBU REGION: STORING POTATOES IN ONE OF THE PITS, WHICH ARE THEN COVERED WITH DEEP EARTH.



HARVESTING BUCKWHEAT IN THE KHUMJUNG VALLEY AT NEARLY 14,000 FT.: SHERPA WOMEN, WHO USE SICKLES TO CUT THE STALKS CLOSE TO THE GROUND.



A SHERPA WOMAN MILKING A PIEBALD YAK-COW. DURING THE DAY THE YAKS ARE ALLOWED TO ROAM UNGUARDED OVER THE HILLS.



IN ONE OF THE STONE-WALLED ENCLOSURES WHERE THEY ARE KEPT AT NIGHT: A HERD OF THE YAKS WHICH PROVIDE SHERPAS WITH SEVERAL BASIC NECESSITIES.

Continued.

legend and poetry, among Sherpa men there seems to be little competition for the favours of a joint wife. Indeed, the harmony prevailing in polyandrous households suggests that jealousy, far from being a universal human emotion, is an acquired habit conditioned by a cultural preference for exclusive personal relationships, a preference of which Sherpas disapprove as a kind of egoism. One might think that fraternal polyandry is compatible only with arranged matches, in which the girls have little say. But this is not borne out by the evidence. Youths and girls are free to form romantic attachments and many couples are lovers before their union is regularized by the ceremonies of betrothal and marriage. The extension of these ceremonies by two or even three bridegrooms is possible only with the bride's consent. Counterpoised to the ideal of multiple marriage is that of the monastic life. A number of Sherpas forgo domestic pleasures and enter one of the Buddhist monasteries or nunneries to devote themselves to learning and religious contemplation.



THE VIEW FROM THE KHUMJUNG VALLEY TOWARDS THE SNOW-SPIRE OF AMADABLAM (20,680 FT.) AND THE WOODED RIDGE BEARING THE FAMOUS MONASTERY OF THYANGBOCHE.

Most of these institutions have affiliations with Tibetan monasteries, but the inmates are almost exclusively Sherpas. Besides the lamas, living as monks under the discipline of an abbot, there are those who, after a period of study in one of the local monasteries, settle down in a village, marry and engage in the economic activities of ordinary householders. They continue, however, to practise Buddhist ritual and minister at all ordinary functions of village—or family—worship. Religious rites play a very prominent rôle in Sherpa life. There are innumerable occasions when lamas are employed to recite sacred books for the benefit of sick persons, to propitiate local deities and house-spirits, to exorcise demons and ghosts, and to attend at seasonal or domestic rites. Funeral and memorial ceremonies extend sometimes over several weeks, and a rich man may summon as many as forty lamas to speed the soul of a departed member of the family on its way into the celestial regions. The recital of hymns and prayers may last for eight or

[Continued opposite.]

SOME SHERPA RELIGIOUS RITES: FUNERAL AND MEMORIAL CEREMONIES.



PLACING GIFTS FOR THE DECEASED: THE BEREAVED HUSBAND (IN FELT HAT) AND LAMAS AT THE FUNERAL PYRE OF THE WIFE OF A RICH SHERPA OF KUNDE VILLAGE.



PREPARING FOR THE MEMORIAL FEAST HELD FORTY DAYS AFTER THE FUNERAL: SHERPAS MAKING RICE-BALLS FOR THE NUMEROUS GUESTS.



WHEN THE FUNERAL PYRE HAS NEARLY BURNT DOWN, NEW LOGS ARE PUSHED ON IT TO ASSURE THE COMPLETE BURNING OF THE BONES.



SOUNDING THEIR INSTRUMENTS TO SUMMON THE GUESTS: LAMAS WITH TRUMPETS AND TROMBONES ON THE HOST'S ROOF-TOP DURING A MEMORIAL RITE FEAST.



SET OUT IN FRONT OF THE LAMAS, WHO AT DIFFERENT TIMES READ PRAYERS AND PLAY VARIOUS INSTRUMENTS: OFFERINGS AND RITUAL OBJECTS FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICE.

Continued. ten days, a period during which the entire gathering of lamas is fed and entertained lavishly with Tibetan tea and a continuous flow of beer, brewed from barley, rice or maize. Such an extended memorial service may be crowned by a great feast for all the villagers or even the people of a whole group of villages. At the memorial feast for the wife of a rich man of Kunde village, I counted over a thousand guests, whom the bereaved husband entertained with enormous quantities of rice and butter. His expenses for the entire funerary rites amounted to over £300, and he spoke of expending another £150 on donations to Tibetan monasteries. The dispensation of such charity is believed to profit the deceased in the next world. The Sherpas speak a language akin to Tibetan and their racial features conform in general to the Mongolian type. Traditions point to an immigration from a northern direction, and the Sherpas of the Khumbu region owed political allegiance to Tibet until well into the nineteenth century. While the adjoining regions of lesser elevation seem to have been peopled since early times by such tribes as Tamangs, Rais and Limbus,



GIVEN NOT ONLY TO GUESTS, BUT TO BEGGARS AND CASUAL TRAVELLERS: RICE-BALLS BEING DISTRIBUTED DURING A MEMORIAL FEAST.

the country above the 10,000 ft. line may have been uninhabitable for populations of comparatively primitive material culture. Only archaeological investigations could provide a definite answer, but I personally tend to the opinion that Khumbu was No Man's Land until the arrival of the Sherpas, whose superior technique of house-building, woollen tailored clothes and pastoral economy based on the breeding of yak enabled them to brave a rigorous climate and glean a living from the bare hills and valleys between the tree-line and the zone of eternal snow.



ON THE EVE OF ITS DESTRUCTION BY THE PERSIANS c. 494 B.C.: THE ARCHAIC CITADEL—WITH ALTAR SMOKING TO ATHENE—WHICH LOOKED DOWN ON EMPORIO HARBOUR, IN CHIOS.

This little Greek city on the spur of Mt. Prophetes Elias, in Southern Chios, which flourished in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., has no known name. It may well, however, have been Leukonion, a city founded by families exiled from the chief city of the island because they had killed the King in a brawl at a wedding feast; and the name, which means "white town," would aptly refer to the soft, white stone from which it was built. It was discovered in 1953 by the British School of Athens under the direction of Mr. Sinclair Hood; and the discoveries are summarised in this reconstruction drawing by our artist Mr. Alan Sorrell, who visited the island last summer. An area of about 5 acres on the summit of the spur is surrounded by stone walls, 6 ft. thick. Inside

this acropolis are two buildings only: a small temple dedicated to Athene, from the altar of which smoke can be seen rising; and a large, long, single-roomed house with a columned porch before the entrance, which was evidently the Hall or "Palace" of the local "King." In this, the King, as in early times at Athens, lived inside the acropolis near the temple, like a medieval baron in his castle with its Lady Chapel, while his burghers lived outside. For the houses of the city—about fifty have been identified—all lie outside the acropolis walls, scattered down the slopes of the mountain which overlooked the harbour. They are simple, one-roomed structures, like the palace, but smaller, built on platforms held up by massive terrace walls, and approached

by steps or stairs from roads which wind down the mountainside. The city must always have been very open, with terraces, trees and paths between the houses. Only here and there are two houses built back to back. No tiles were found, and the roofs were presumably of wood covered with wood or thatch. Whether they were pitched or flat is uncertain. Built in the early days of Greek history, it evokes the picture Keats had in mind of a "little town by river or seashore, Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel," emptied of its folk, this pious morn'g; and yet its situation well reflects the dangerous and stormy character of life in the earliest Greek times. It seems to have flourished in the seventh to sixth centuries B.C., and then to have been abandoned. The

houses fell where they had stood and it was never recoupled. The desertion may well have been due to the Persians, who ravaged the island after the Ionian revolt of the great Greek cities of the Asia Minor coast, ending in the disastrous sea fight at Lade in 494 B.C. The Chians had contributed the largest contingent to the allied fleet, and only retreated, with the loss of most of their ships, after performing prodigies of valour, and deserted by their allies. Herodotus says that the Persians "netted" the island, moving hand-in-hand down the length of it and massacring and destroying as they went. Another and larger temple stood by the harbour and this was destroyed about the same time. On the peninsula by the harbour a Roman fort stood in later times.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALAN SORRELL.

LANCASHIRE'S WARM-HEARTED WELCOME EVENTS FROM THE FULL PROGRAMME

TO HER MAJESTY AND HER HUSBAND: OF A MEMORABLE ROYAL JOURNEY.



LEAVING PRESTON TOWN HALL ON APRIL 13, BEFORE PROCEEDING TO THE COUNTY HALL, AND THENCE FOR LUNCO AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL. H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE, FOLLOWED BY M.C.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



AT LANCASTER TOWN HALL ON APRIL 13: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE AT THE RECEPTION FOR DUCHY OF LANCASTER TENANTS. LORD WOOLTON IS STANDING (CENTRE BACKGROUND).



WALKING BETWEEN WEAVING MACHINES: THE QUEEN AT THE MALVERN MILL OF WALTER POLLARD AT NELSON, WHICH SHE AND THE DUKE VISITED ON APRIL 14.



LEAVING THE TOWN HALL, LANCASTER, WHICH SHE AND THE DUKE VISITED ON APRIL 13: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR OF LANCASTER.



AT BLACKPOOL OPERA HOUSE ON APRIL 13: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH CONVERSING WITH MISS BEVY GREY, THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLETINA. MR. JACK HYLTON IS ON THE LEFT.



THE ROYAL VARIETY PERFORMANCE AT BLACKPOOL IN AID OF THE VARIETY ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SEATED IN THE FLOWER-GARLANDED ROYAL BOX.



AT THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY CONSTABULARY H.Q., HUTTON: THE QUEEN MEETS LORNA, CHAMPION NATIONAL POLICE DOG, AND CONVERSES WITH ONE OF THE SERGEANTS IN CHARGE OF POLICE DOGS.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE CRIMINAL RECORDS SECTION AT HUTTON: HER MAJESTY EXAMINING AN ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF A FINGER-PRINT, AFTER THE TECHNIQUE OF TAKING FINGER-PRINTS HAD BEEN EXPLAINED TO HER.



AT BLACKPOOL OPERA HOUSE: MRS. GEORGE BLACK CURTSYING TO THE QUEEN. MR. GEORGE BLACK IS BEYOND HIS WIFE, AND MR. AND MRS. ALFRED BLACK ARE STANDING, LEFT.



OUTSIDE BLACKBURN TOWN HALL ON APRIL 14: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE 4TH BN., THE EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT (T.A.).



ASKING ABOUT THE WORK THEY ARE DOING: THE QUEEN WITH GIRLS EMPLOYED IN THE VALVE ASSEMBLY SHOP AT HILLARD (BLACKBURN) WORKS, WHICH SHE VISITED ON APRIL 14.



THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO LANCASHIRE: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN SHOWING THE DISTINGUISHED VISITORS' BOOK AT PROMENADE STATION, MORECAMBE, ON APRIL 13.

Lancashire gave a tremendously warm-hearted and resoundingly enthusiastic welcome to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at every point of their notable two-day tour of the county: and when they left Colne on April 14 at the close of the visit, the fluttering flags, cheers and sturdy voices singing "Here's Life and Health to

England's Queen" provided a moving *ensemble*. The Royal train stopped and started again on leaving the station and the Mayor called out, "They don't want you to go." The tour began at Morecambe, where the Queen and the Duke arrived in the Royal train on April 13, and were met by Lord Derby, the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire. After visiting the Town Hall, Lancaster, where a reception for tenants of the Duchy took place, the Royal visitors went to the Castle, where the Constable ceremonially offered the keys to the Queen before inspection. Preston was the next port of call, and after lunch in the Assembly Hall a visit was paid to

the H.Q. Lancashire Constabulary at Hutton, where nearly an hour was spent seeing police methods for crime detection, demonstrations of controlled skidding, under-water "frogmanship," and a clever "road safety" puppet show. The Queen also "met" Lorna, the champion of the National Police Dog Trials. Southport was then visited, and in the evening the Queen and the Duke went to Blackpool, which was brilliantly illuminated; and attended the first Royal Variety Show ever held outside London. On April 14 the Royal visitors saw aspects of industrial Lancashire, visiting a cotton mill, where they learned, among other things, how girls in the noisy

weaving sheds converse with each other by lip-reading; and the Mouldard (Blackburn) Works where nearly 35,000,000 radio valves are produced annually. Darwen, Blackburn, Accrington, Burnley and Nelson were the towns visited; and the welcome given by crowds at every point was typical of warm-hearted Lancashire.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A FEW weeks ago—February 26—I wrote about those astonishing and delightful South African flowers, chinchinchees, which are shipped to this

country from the Cape during the winter months, and, arriving in bud, or with perhaps a few blossoms already open, settle down to domestic life here, and proceed to open their spikes of white flowers over the next six, or eight, or even ten weeks. I say "shipped" advisedly. They are not flown here, as one might suppose, judging by their freshness on arrival. They come by boat, in cool store.

Since writing about the chinchinchees that I received this winter, I have been sent some interesting information about the plant, its habits and its cultivation for the export cut-flower trade. The first box of chinchinchees came in mid-autumn, and the second consignment arrived on December 10. And here I would like to correct an error in the matter of naming which crept into my article of February 26.

The consignments that I received came from two different growers, and the grower of the second lot mentioned in a letter to me at the time that the botanical Latin name of chinchinchees was *Ornithogalum lacteum*. I looked up *O. lacteum* in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," and found nothing about chinchinchees with that name. Instead, I found *Ornithogalum thyrsoides* given as chinchinchees, and so, assuming that the Dictionary was right, I gave *O. thyrsoides* as the name of the flowers which I received and of which I gave photographs. I have just received a most interesting letter from Mr. Telfer Howie, O.B.E., of the firm of Howie's the seed specialists, of Sun Buildings, St. George's Street, Cape Town, in which he clears up this confusion about the names. It seems that the two entirely distinct species of white-flowered *Ornithogalum*, *O. thyrsoides* and *O. lacteum*, are both known commercially as chinchinchees, and, as such, both are grown at the Cape and shipped to this country. The

CHINCHERINCHEES AGAIN.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

a much more succulent growth, with a flower-spike less able to stand up to export, for long-lasting conditions overseas. In South Africa it flowers from early spring (S.A. spring) until the end of October, depending on the locality and the local strain. The bulbs are rather small and flattish, while the foliage usually remains until after flowering. The flower-spike is more "whiskery," owing to a rather long calyx covering each floret, and the latter usually project from the main stem on individual small

There is very great variation in the extent to which flowers will retain their colour—and even develop it in the more or less subdued light of a living-room. Tulips—even the most brilliant scarlets and golds—if grown in a room, will produce flowers practically as bright as they would in a greenhouse or in the open air. On the other hand, brightly-coloured polyanthus primroses, even if grown and flowered in the open, will lose much of their brilliance if the plants are brought into a living-room, and any flowers which develop and open in the house are poor, pallid things. It will be interesting, therefore, to see how the golden- and orange-flowered *Ornithogalum*s will behave as blooms for export to this country.

I was interested to learn that the industry of growing and shipping chinchinchees overseas was started by the firm of Howie's some thirty years ago, and that the flowers are not only sent to this country, but to New York and Montreal, for distribution in the U.S.A. and Canada, and to Stockholm for distribution in Europe, other than Great Britain. Shortly after my article on February 26, I received a letter from a relation living in Stockholm, where at some public function—a banquet, I think it was—he had greatly admired some exquisite and exotic lily-like flowers among the floral decorations. From the description and the photographs in my article, he was able to recognise them for what they were—chinchinchees.

The name chinchinchee is by way of being an onomatopoeic curiosity. The natives at the Cape characteristically derived the name from the curious squeaking sound made by the stalks when rubbed together. The same sound is produced by the stems of a bunch of English bluebells. In a way, it is a somewhat awkward, cumbersome name, though, in reality, it is no worse in this respect than cucumber, shall we say, or tomato or chrysanthemum. In Covent Garden and market-garden circles they speak of "cues" and



CHINCHERINCHEES (*ORNITHOGALUM LACTEUM*) GROWING FOR EXPORT IN MR. HOWIE'S FARM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

stems to form a distinct pyramid. *Ornithogalum lacteum*, on the other hand, is a dry-ground species which prefers hot and dry conditions at the time of flowering. In its natural habitat the leaves shrivel up at the time of flowering, and leave the tall, elegant spike as an outstanding specimen. It is this species which we have found to be the best for carrying overseas and which has lasted sometimes until the end of May in the United Kingdom. The buds are at their best in November here in South Africa. Both species are, however, sent overseas only in cool chamber, at a temperature of 38 to 40 degrees Fahr., and they are posted only after arrival and inspection by local agents. Even though ordinary parcel post takes only fourteen days, the confined conditions of the mailbag would not allow the flowers to develop satisfactorily. There are probably a few private parcels posted direct from the Union, but this is too risky as a commercial proposition.

In my article I mentioned several *Ornithogalum*s found at the Cape which are very near the two white-flowered chinchinchees, but which have yellow, gold or orange blossoms, and I remarked how welcome these would be if they could be sent here in winter, like the white ones. In his letter to me Mr. Howie says:

I am growing several yellow and orange varieties, and hope in time to select sufficiently robust strains for carrying overseas, like the *lacteum*s. I have still to prove, however, that they would open at the other end like the latter and hold their colour. I am inclined to think that as they would be picked in bud, and would open indoors, they would probably be a wishy-washy colour instead of the brilliant yellows and oranges here.

That is a very important point which I had not thought of. But I can not help thinking that if they would travel well and last well on arrival, even a "wishy-washy" yellow—or shall we call it a delicate cream—would be a welcome change from the—and here I retaliate—somewhat cold and glacial whiteness of the chinchinchees we now enjoy.



SPECIALLY SELECTED CHINCHERINCHEES (*O. LACTEUM*) BEING GROWN FOR SEED. THESE ARE AT ABOUT THE RIGHT STAGE FOR CUTTING, IF THEY ARE INTENDED FOR EXPORT FROM THE CAPE.

first consignment that I received were *O. thyrsoides*, and the second, the Howie lot, were undoubtedly *O. lacteum*. I remember now that on unpacking the second box they seemed somehow different from the first ones. I can not, I think, do better than quote from Mr. Howie's letter. He says:

There is a profound difference between the two kinds. *Ornithogalum thyrsoides* is a moisture-loving species which is usually found in *vlei* or swampy conditions, and it has



THE SAME SPECIALLY SELECTED SPECIMENS, PHOTOGRAPHED SOME WEEKS LATER AND SHOWN AT THE FULL-FLOWERING STAGE. Photographs by Mr. Telfer Howie, O.B.E.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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"toms" and "chrysanth," but, thank Heaven, those familiarities have not spread far beyond those limits. At the Cape chinchinchees have, I understand, become "chinks," at any rate in the flower-market world. But I can not help hoping that, no matter how greatly the industry in those gracious white winter flowers develops here, we shall continue to call them chinchinchees, if only to afford opportunities of trolling out "onomatopœia" from time to time.

SCYTHIAN ANIMAL BURIALS IN HUNGARY, AND RECENT HUNGARIAN EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 1. FILMING A RECENTLY-DISCOVERED SCYTHIAN HORSE AND WAGON BURIAL OF C. 550 B.C. AT SZENTES, HUNGARY. SEE ALSO FIG. 2.



FIG. 2. A CLOSE-UP OF TWO TYRES AND AN AXLE OF A FOUR-WHEELED SCYTHIAN WAGON, BURIED WITH TWO HORSES AT SZENTES. TWELVE HORSE-TOMBS HAVE BEEN UNCOVERED HERE.



FIG. 3. THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE HORSES DISCOVERED AT SZENTES, SHOWING THE BRIDLE ORNAMENTS, DESCRIBED AS "GOLD-PLATED," AND PRESUMABLY GILT BRONZE.



FIG. 4. A CURIOUS PARALLEL TO THE SZENTES HORSE BURIALS: TWO OXEN, FOUND AT ALSONEMEDI, NEAR BUDAPEST, BURIED WITH A CHIEFTAIN OF THE BADEN PEOPLE, WHO ARE DATED TO ABOUT THE END OF THE BRONZE AGE.

Little has been heard in this country of recent archaeological discoveries in Hungary; but included in a brief summary contributed by Mr. Laszlo Tarr are two items illustrated on this page. Figs. 1, 2 and 3 refer to the excavation of a burial-ground at Szentes-Vekerzug. The manner of the burial of the horses found here is of particular interest, twelve horse-tombs having been so far discovered. Three of them contained horses buried in pairs. Near to one of the pairs lay the rims of cartwheels, together with the iron parts of the axle-tree. From these it was possible to reconstruct the whole cart; and from the remnants of harness found alongside the skeletons the Scythian manner of harnessing horses could be determined. There was no trace of tombs with human remains in the vicinity, and it would seem that the horses were buried separately, in some outer part of the burial-ground. Although only about a third of the whole cemetery has been explored so far, 152 tombs with human skeletons have been discovered, and on the

basis of the relics found therein, Hungarian archaeologists have set the date of this Scythian immigration at 550 B.C., and it is thought that this was the first wave of Scythians to reach Hungary. The ox burial (Fig. 4) was found near the village of Alsonemedi, fourteen miles from Budapest, where the tombs of an entire clan of the Baden culture (i.e., about the end of the Bronze Age) have been discovered. Two elaborate tombs found there are of especial interest, as they contain, it is presumed, the remains of the ancient heads of the clan. In these tombs were many vessels and jewels and, lying close to the human skeleton, the remains of two oxen facing each other. It is understood that excavations have been undertaken in a number of places. Prehistoric researches are being continued at the Istallosko cave (an Aurignacian site) and at Lovas, near Lake Balaton, where very ancient workings of red lead have been found. An early Bronze Age site at Polgar-Basatanya has been excavated and a Baden culture site at Budakalasz. Imperial Roman sites are also being excavated: a pro-consular palace which was Roman Aquincum; and a border fortress near the modern steel town of Sztalinvaros.

MASTERPIECES OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH PAINTING IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"THE HALT"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER ("VELVET" BRUEGHEL) (1568-1625), YOUNGER SON OF PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER. SIGNED LOWER RIGHT, J. BRUEGHEL, 1605. (Copper; 7½ by 9 ins.)



"IN HARBOUR"; BY ABRAHAM STORCK (1638-c. 1710), MARINE PAINTER, WHO ALSO, AT TIMES, PAINTED THE FIGURES IN WORKS BY HOBBEEMA AND MOUCHERON, AND ETCHED A FEW PLATES. SIGNED LOWER RIGHT, A. STORCK F. (Canvas; 13½ by 17½ ins.)



"BATTLE ORDERS"; BY DAVID VINCKEBOONS (1576-1629). THE CAPTAIN, MOUNTED ON A WHITE CHARGER, IS GIVING ORDERS TO HIS TROOP BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION. SIGNED LOWER RIGHT (MONOGRAM), DV f. 1612. (Panel; 19½ by 30½ ins.)



"CARNIVAL DIVERSIONS"; BY SEBASTIAN VRANCKX (1573-1647), A DISCIPLE OF VAN NOORT. VRANCKX'S PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK HAS BEEN ENGRAVED BY HONDIUS. SIGNED LEFT, ON HORSE (MONOGRAM), SV. (Panel; 28½ by 47½ ins.)



"BOAR HOUNDS"; BY JAN FYT (1611-1661), FAMOUS AS AN ANIMAL ARTIST. AT TIMES HE PAINTED DOGS IN WORKS BY RUBENS, JANSSENS, JORDAENS AND DE CRAEYER. HE STUDIED WITH JAN VAN BERCHE IN ANTWERP. (Panel; 26½ by 41½ ins.)



"A REST ON THE SHORE"; BY PHILIPS WOUVERMANS (1619-1668), CELEBRATED AS A PAINTER OF HORSES, BUT ALSO A MASTER OF COMPOSITION AND ATMOSPHERE. SIGNED ON THE LOG, RIGHT, PHS.W. (Panel; 7½ by 10½ ins.)

The art of the Low Countries, which had its most splendid flowering in the seventeenth century, has always appealed to connoisseurs in this country. The cosy bourgeois interiors, the marine views, the noble landscapes, the scenes of peasant junketings, with their rustic charm and full-blooded, sunburnt mirth, the meticulously presented views of neat towns, the portraits of honest burghers and their ladies, and the lovely flower-pieces and sumptuous still-life studies of rich cornestibles are the work of painters of the highest technical achievement. They also have a quality of happy sincerity and uninhibited delight in the fair heritage and the growing wealth of their now prosperous country, which makes them agreeably companionable works of art—pictures which the owner enjoys studying and admiring more and more and never finds wearisome; while the relatively small size of many paintings by Flemish and Dutch painters renders them extremely suitable for modern collections, now that wall-space is a consideration for so many. The fine exhibitions of Dutch and Flemish paintings which

Mr. Eugene Slatter has for some years made a habit of arranging every spring at his Old Bond Street Gallery always consist of extremely interesting works, and this year's display is no exception. As has been the case in past years, it will benefit a good cause, for the splendidly illustrated catalogues (price 4s.) are being sold in aid of the Victoria League. Lady Worsley arranged to open the exhibition on April 20, and it will continue until July 9. On these pages we reproduce some of the paintings included in the display, which indicate its scope and high quality. The painting "Battle Orders," by Vinckeboons, shows the captain, mounted on a white charger, giving instructions prior to an engagement—a proceeding which still takes place before an action—although the troops of our mechanised atomic age are very differently equipped. Another wartime subject—for the Low Countries had long experience of strife and struggle in their splendid fight against the alien Spanish domination—is presented in "A Foray," by Salomon van Ruysdael. This shows prisoners being led away, while a little fraternisation between a woman

[Continued opposite.]

17TH-CENTURY LIFE IN THE LOW COUNTRIES DEPICTED BY GREAT ARTISTS.



"FLOWERS IN AN ALABASTER BOWL"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER ("VELVET" BRUEGHEL). (1568-1625.) (Panel; 14½ by 17½ ins.)



"RIVER SCENE AT SUNSET"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1656). SIGNED ON THE BOAT AT THE RIGHT, V.G. 1651. (Panel; 9½ by 12½ ins.)



"THE HAPPY FAMILY"; BY WILLEM VAN MIERIS (1662-1747). AN EXAMPLE OF HIS DOMESTIC STYLE. (Panel; 19½ by 16 ins.)



"A FORAY"; BY SALOMON VAN RUYSDAEL (1600-1670). SIGNED LOWER CENTRE, S. V. RUYSDAEL 1664. (Canvas; 34½ by 44½ ins.)



(LEFT.)
"OYSTERS, WINE AND A PIPE"; BY PIETER CLAESZ (1600-1661). A GLOWING WICK AND TOBACCO IN A TWIST OF PAPER ARE INCLUDED, SIGNED LEFT (MONOGRAM) PC 1657. (Panel; 16½ by 22½ ins.)



(RIGHT.)
"THE WINE DRINKER"; BY GERARD DOU (1613-75), WHOSE PUPILS AND FOLLOWERS INCLUDE FRANS VAN MIERIS AND GABRIEL METSU. (Panel; 9½ by 7½ ins.)

Continued.]

carrying a baby and a soldier who has just shot a duck, seems in progress on the left. Peace and plenty in a modest Dutch home is beautifully expressed in "The Happy Family," by Willem van Mieris, in which industry, comfort and happy

parenthood are pictured without undue sentimentality. Such pictures, incidentally, have great documentary, as well as artistic interest, as they show in meticulously painted detail the furniture and domestic utensils of the period.



WHEN we think about Italian Art—should I say, if we think about Italian Art?—we probably call to mind certain great names which are household words and known to all of us from our cradles, whether or no we have managed to transport ourselves to Italy. There must be very few who, even if they have never seen a picture by Leonardo or Botticelli or Raphael, are not more or less familiar with the work of those painters, even if their knowledge consists of little more than a vague impression that once upon a time a famous Leonardo was stolen from the Louvre. But while we pay tribute to these and a dozen other great personalities, there is a more pedestrian, but no less fascinating side to this particular phase of civilisation which is concerned not with famous masterpieces but with the innumerable decorative details of ornament and furniture; these minor decorations are far less well known and are largely ignored because they are not often brought to our notice. Moreover, we have come to make a distinction between the fine and the applied arts which is far removed from the climate of opinion in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the best people were quite willing to paint a picture or design a dress or a triumphal arch or a piece of furniture. Nor was this attitude of mind confined to Italy; it was general throughout Europe, so that when Holbein was visiting England and staying with the German merchants in London, he did not take it at all amiss to be asked to design a decoration for Anne Boleyn's coronation procession. It was all part of the day's work.

In Italy especially, which, at that time, was ahead of other countries in the refinements of civilised existence (they used forks long before anyone else realised that fingers were not ideally suited for coping with a hot joint), people of any standing delighted in splendour and magnificence, and the household furniture

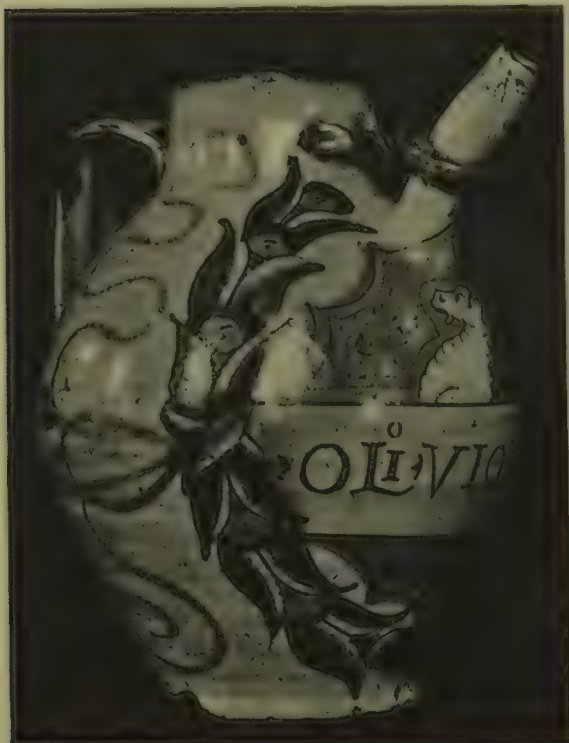


FIG. 2. INSCRIBED "Olio Violato": A PHARMACY DRUG JAR IN MAIOLICA. MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 9 ins.)

"If your eyes are accustomed to the more sedate shapes of the late eighteenth century, you are liable to think this jar a trifle rustic and clumsy; but the further you can remove yourself from English versions of Greek vases à la Wedgwood, the more you appreciate it . . ."

and belongings of even the lesser Italian nobility excited the envy of other less favoured lands. Every object, however utilitarian its purpose, was fashioned with care, and as often as not richly decorated, which is perhaps one reason why we are liable to look a little askance at the style as a whole for, if it is possible to generalise about our own generation, it is fair to say that we are scared of ornament, not having yet

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ITALIAN RENAISSANCE ODDS AND ENDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

recovered from the excessive use of it made by our great-grandfathers. Yet, while the men of the Renaissance loved lavish decoration, they well knew how to keep it under control and, indeed, especially in their minor sculpture, to dispense with it altogether.

If anyone should feel doubtful about this statement, let him study the exhibition now on its way round the country from the Victoria and Albert Museum, which the other day I happened to see in Lincoln, where it will remain till early in May, when it moves to Hammer-smith Central Library. In June and July it visits Tonbridge, and then is due to go to Liverpool, Leeds and Southport. It is composed of some 150 small objects, including a dozen or so prints, textiles, glass, maiolica, bronzes and a fascinating array of trivialities, such as a brass stirrup, a pair of small shears, a guitar, a leather knife-case—just those odds and ends which seem banal enough when put down in a household inventory, but which, when seen, provide a vivid picture of the life of the times.

Here are a few things, the biggest of which is the maiolica jar (Fig. 2), which give some notion of the scope of the show, and at the same time leave one in no doubt as to the quality of the craftsmanship of the period; how impressed we should be if we were totally ignorant of their historical setting and had dug them up in the middle of the Sahara! We should deduce, and rightly deduce, that they were the products of a very advanced civilisation which took infinite pains over the smallest ornamental detail, and yet could give these quite trivial objects just that combination of a breadth and a vitality which we label classic.

Visitors to the recent T'ang Dynasty (680-960 A.D.) Exhibition may remember a small pair of silver shears, with a punched decoration of birds and foliage (illustrated on this page, March 12). Here in Fig. 1 is an Italian version of about 1560, damascened in gold with the figure of a man—and fine sharp shears they are, too. An even more luxurious use of the precious

metal is to be seen in a small iron plaque damascened with gold and silver with a view of Urbino, believed to be one of several made for the Duke of Urbino to be applied to furniture, much as French cabinet-makers, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, applied Sèvres or Wedgwood plaques to their more delicate tables and bureaux. In its way, the gilded eagle (Fig. 3) is as impressive as any, for, to judge by the photograph only, it might be almost any size, fit to hold up the lectern in a great cathedral; it is, in fact, only 5½ ins. in height, and it is clear from the socket at the back that it was merely one of the feet of a coffer.

Among numerous small bronzes, presumably desk or table ornaments, I was much attracted by one of three small children; they are seventeenth century—that is, considerably later than the majority of their neighbours, and singularly charming from whatever angle you look at them. A dozen or so maiolica jars and dishes gleam softly and richly among all this, mostly green, orange and blue, their tin-enamel glazes reflecting light, almost as if they were made of opaque glass. The dishes with a woman's portrait on them—birthday presents—and those illustrating some classical myth, are familiar enough; a type far less well known to all but specialists is the pharmacy drug jar, inscribed "Olio Violato" (Fig. 2), with its air of whimsy and its freely drawn sketchy decoration. If your eyes are accustomed to the more sedate shapes of the late eighteenth century, you are liable to think this jar a trifle rustic and clumsy; but the further you can remove yourself from English versions of Greek vases à la Wedgwood, the more you appreciate it, with its fine fat body and lively shape, as if it had grown up in a vegetable garden. From a caseful of Venetian

glass I have chosen these two small pieces—Figs. 4 and 5—largely because they provide so great a contrast of styles. The little jug, decorated with embedded threads of opaque glass, with a pincer handle, is a miracle of its kind and so delicate that one wonders how it has managed to survive undamaged for two or three centuries. It is not, maybe, to our austere taste to-day, but as an example of intricate and precise craftsmanship can have few parallels. This type of decoration was in use by the middle of the sixteenth century, while the more intricate designs are generally credited—as this is—to about a century later. The vase or flower-holder is in purple glass, with a small collar round the narrowest part, and is a



FIG. 1. DAMASCENED IN GOLD WITH THE FIGURE OF A MAN: A PAIR OF SHEARS. c. 1560. (Length, 6 ins.)

These little shears, damascened in gold, date from c. 1560, and are an Italian version of the small pair of silver shears or scissors in the Oriental Ceramic Society's exhibition of the Art of the T'ang Dynasty (680-960 A.D.), illustrated in our issue of March 12.



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE FEET TO SUPPORT A COFFER: A BRONZE GILT EAGLE. SIXTEENTH OR SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 5½ ins.)

To judge by the photograph only, Frank Davis points out, this eagle "might be almost any size, fit to hold up the lectern in a great cathedral; it is, in fact, only 5½ ins. in height, and it is clear from the socket at the back that it was merely one of the feet of a coffer."

shape of exceptional grace and purity, proof enough that the industry did not solely concern itself with elaborate complications, but could, when it wished, produce something which would have satisfied the exacting standards of a Sung Dynasty connoisseur in China, 300 years earlier.

A single piece of terracotta, a standing Child Christ, is a reminder of the contribution made by the Della Robbia family in Florence in this delightful technique by which a terracotta object could be covered with brightly-coloured enamels and at the same time made weather-proof, as in the roundels of children in the Piazza SS. Annunziata above the portico of the Hospital of the Holy Innocents. A terracotta bust of a young man will, to some, remain the most memorable thing in the show, epitomising as it does the Florentine quest for subtlety of expression and beauty of line. I doubt whether the spirit of an age has ever been so intelligently and so convincingly demonstrated by a collection of such small objects in so small a compass.



FIG. 4. WITH CHARACTERISTIC latticino (OPAQUE GLASS THREAD DECORATION): A VENETIAN JUG. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 5 ins.)

"The little jug, decorated with embedded threads of opaque glass, with a pincer handle, is a miracle of its kind and so delicate that one wonders how it has managed to survive undamaged . . ."



FIG. 5. A SHAPE OF EXCEPTIONAL GRACE AND PURITY: A VENETIAN VASE IN PURPLE GLASS. SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 5½ ins.)

This "vase or flower-holder" is in purple glass, with a small collar round the narrowest part, and is a shape of exceptional grace and purity. Illustrations by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND C-IN-C. OF NIGERIA: SIR JAMES ROBERTSON.

Appointed Governor-General and C-in-C. of Nigeria, Sir James Robertson will not now be able to take up his appointment as Chairman, Civil Service Preparatory Commission, in the West Indies. He joined the Sudan Political Service in 1922, served there until 1953; then was Chairman, British Guiana Constitutional Commission.



OXFORD'S ATHLETICS PRESIDENT: G. H. JEFFRIES (OTAGO UNIVERSITY, N.Z. AND MAGDALEN).

Oxford completed a record sequence of eight victories in the University sports held at the White City, London, on April 16, when they beat Cambridge 79-47. The sports had been postponed from March 12 owing to the condition of the track. Oxford's athletics president, G. H. Jeffries, won the high jump. Four University records were recorded: by R. G. Roberts (C.) in the 220 yards; by D. J. N. Johnson (O.) in the 880 yards; by R. D. Shaw (O.) in the 220 yards high hurdles, and W. W. Kretschmar (O.) broke the javelin record.



CAMBRIDGE'S ATHLETICS PRESIDENT: I. M. E. JEFFERY (BANCROFT'S SCHOOL AND CLARE).



A FAMOUS TRADE UNIONIST AND PARLIAMENTARIAN DIES: LORD KIRKWOOD.

Lord Kirkwood, who died in Glasgow on April 16, was better known as David Kirkwood, a trade unionist and politician whose courage and unyielding adherence to his Socialist principles brought him the admiration of supporters and opponents alike. He entered Parliament in 1922, and was created a Baron in 1951, after twenty-eight years as an M.P.



WOMEN'S SINGLES FINALISTS AT THE SURREY CHAMPIONSHIPS: MISS G. HOAHING (LEFT), THE WINNER, AND MRS. A. H. THOMAS. The Women's Singles Final in the Surrey hard courts tennis championships, held at the Roehampton Club, was won by Miss G. Hoahing, who beat Mrs. A. H. Thomas 6-4, 6-1, on April 9. The Men's Singles was won by Mr. A. J. Mottram, who beat the nineteen-year-old left-handed player, Mr. W. A. Knight, 6-2, 6-1—a result surprisingly reversed at the Cumberland Club tournament a week later when Knight won convincingly 1-6, 6-4, 6-2.

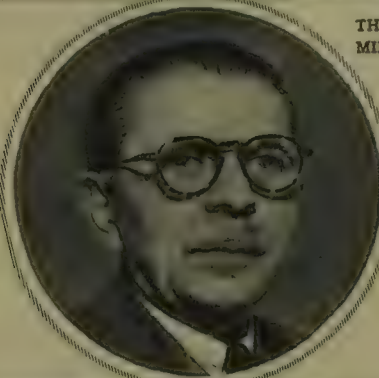


DIED ON APRIL 18, AGED SIXTY-ONE: MAJOR F. B. HALFORD. Chairman and Technical Director of de Havilland Engine Company (formed under his direction in 1944) and a director of de Havilland Aircraft Co., Major Frank Halford was an authority on aircraft engines—conventional and jet. He was responsible for the design of the de Havilland Gipsy and the Goblin and Ghost.



AFTER THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY HAREWOOD'S THIRD SON: A FAMILY GROUP AT HAREWOOD HOUSE.

The third son of the Earl and Countess of Harewood was christened Robert Jeremy Hugh on April 16. Our group shows (seated; l. to r.) H.R.H. the Princess Royal, mother of Lord Harewood, with the Hon. James Edward Lascelles (b. 1953); Viscount Lascelles (b. 1950); the Countess of Harewood, with the infant, Robert Jeremy Hugh; and Mrs. Erwin Stein, her mother. Mr. Stein, father of Lady Harewood; and the Earl of Harewood are behind.

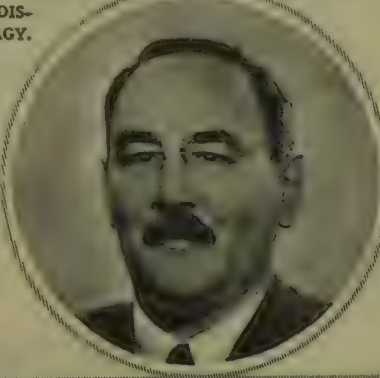


THE NEW PERSIAN PRIME MINISTER: MR. HUSSEIN ALA.

Mr. Hussein Ala, the former Minister of Court in the Persian Government, took up the post of Prime Minister in succession to General Zahedi on April 6. He is seventy-five years of age. General Fazlollah Zahedi, who became Prime Minister when the Government of Dr. Mussadiq was deposed in August 1953, resigned from office a few weeks ago because of poor health, and has left Teheran for Western Germany to undergo special medical treatment.

HUNGARIAN PREMIER DISMISSED: MR. IMRE NAGY.

The announcement from Budapest on April 17 that Mr. Nagy, the Hungarian Prime Minister, had been removed from office was the inevitable and expected outcome of the campaign of denigration loosed against him since Mr. Malenkov's downfall. Publicly branded as a deviationist, Mr. Nagy has made no public appearances since January, when his disappearance from the political scene was attributed to ill-health. His expulsion from the Communist Party and all other offices is also announced.



THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR IN MOSCOW: HERR RAAB (AT MICROPHONE), WITH MR. MOLOTOV (SECOND FROM LEFT, FRONT).

Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, left Vienna by air on April 11 for Moscow with the Vice-Chancellor, Foreign Minister, and Foreign Under-Secretary for talks on the question of an Austrian State Treaty. On April 15 Russia and Austria announced agreement which, if approved by Britain, France and the U.S., the other occupying Powers, will end the ten-years occupation of Austria. Herr Raab was enthusiastically received on returning to Vienna on April 15.



NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR FOR DUBLIN: SIR ALEXANDER CLUTTERBUCK.

The appointment was announced on April 6 of Sir Alexander Clutterbuck as Ambassador to the Irish Republic. Sir Alexander, who is fifty-eight, is at present the High Commissioner in India, and was formerly the High Commissioner in Canada. He is expected to leave India in May and will take up his new appointment in Dublin later in the year.



SIGNING THE PARIS AGREEMENTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (LEFT) AND THE SECRETARY OF STATE, MR. DULLES. The Paris Agreements, referring to the re-arming of Western Germany and to her admittance to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, were signed in Washington by President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles on April 7 after having been ratified by the Senate some days earlier. Most of the other signatories to the Treaties have already ratified them, and Holland and Denmark, from whom ratification is outstanding, are expected to do so shortly.

FROM GREAT HOUSES TO A "HANDFUL" MEAL: A NEWS MISCELLANY.



NOW OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: SHERIFF HUTTON HOUSE, NEAR YORK—A VIEW OF THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, ORIGINALLY BUILT IN 1621. Sheriff Hutton House, which now belongs to the National Trust, lies between York and Malton and is being opened to the public this season for the first time. It was built in 1621 by Sir Arthur Ingram (of Temple Newsam). In 1723 the Jacobean house was refaced in the Georgian style. It has some striking rooms.



UPPARK, THE BEAUTIFUL SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE IN WEST SUSSEX, WHICH WAS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON APRIL 16 BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK. Uppark, on the Downs above Harting, West Sussex, is a remarkably fine example of the late seventeenth-century house and it was designed by the Dutchman, William Talman, in 1690. It was given to the National Trust in March last year, and was opened to the public this year on April 16.



THE INDIAN AIRCRAFT DISASTER: THREE SURVIVORS STEP ASHORE AT SINGAPORE FROM A BRITISH FRIGATE AFTER AN AIR CRASH IN WHICH MANY COMMUNIST LEADERS WERE KILLED. On April 11 an Indian *Constellation* aircraft, carrying Communist officials to the Afro-Asian Conference, in Indonesia, crashed into the sea north of Sarawak. Of the passengers and crew of nineteen, only three survived. The Chinese Government has attributed the disaster to an act of sabotage.



THE U.S. CONVAIR YF-102A, DESIGNED TO CARRY THE *FALCON* GUIDED MISSILE: A DELTA-WING ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER, NOW IN PRODUCTION FOR THE U.S. AIR FORCE. The prototypes of this U.S. delta-wing fighter made their first flights in 1953—the first one being wrecked—and in early 1954. The type shown, which has a longer fuselage and fairings on either side of the after-burner, is one of the production models now being made at San Diego.



ARRIVING AT HIS HOTEL IN SYRACUSE WHERE HE IS STAYING ON HOLIDAY: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH LADY CHURCHILL.

Sir Winston, with Lady Churchill, a few close friends, and members of his personal suite, left London Airport on April 12 for Sicily, where he hopes to paint and rest. The *Viscount* in which he travelled flew the standard of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports—the first private standard other than those of Royalty ever flown by a B.E.A. aircraft. The *Viscount* set up an unofficial record by completing the journey to Catania in 3 hours 48 minutes—37 minutes ahead of schedule. The hotel where Sir Winston is staying lies high above the sea among orange and lemon groves.



THE *VISCOUNT* AIRCRAFT IN WHICH HE TRAVELLED, FLYING (LEFT) THE STANDARD OF THE LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.



(ABOVE) SURVIVAL FOOD PACKS FOR THE CANADIAN AIR FORCE; AND (BELOW) A MEAL FOR A MAN.

Nine R.C.A.F. officers recently carried out a ten-day test in Alberta of survival rations with complete success. The "handful"—one of three daily meals—consists of two-and-a-half jelly tablets, a third of a shortbread biscuit and a vitamin tablet. The officers lost weight, but were otherwise in perfect health.



RADAR VERSUS THE ROAD HOG: AN AUSTRALIAN TRAFFIC POLICE EXPERIMENT



AN ONCOMING MOTORIST DRIVES TOWARDS JUDGMENT: THE RADAR METER SHOWS A CAR MOVING AT 35 M.P.H., ON A ROAD SUBJECT TO THE 30 M.P.H. SPEED LIMIT.



FAIR PLAY FOR THE MOTORIST: A POLICE NOTICE ANNOUNCES THAT A STRETCH OF ROAD IS UNDER RADAR CONTROL. DANGEROUS DRIVERS ARE WARNED OF SUPERVISION.



A POLICEMAN CHECKING CAR SPEEDS ON A RADAR METER. SPEEDING MOTORISTS WHO BREAK THE LAW DO NOT USUALLY NOTICE THE RADAR CAR UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE.



A MOTORIST SHOWING A "LEARNER" CARD ON HIS WINDSCREEN CAME ALONG THE ROAD AT 45 M.P.H. HE WAS SUMMONED TO THE VERGE BY A WATCHING POLICE OFFICER AND WARNED.



(LEFT.) THE REAR OF A POLICE RADAR CHECK CAR, SHOWING THE AERIAL AND TRANSMITTER UNIT (LEFT) ON THE BUMPER BAR. INSIDE THE BOOT (AT FRONT FROM LEFT) ARE THE RECEIVER AND A 12-VOLT BATTERY. THE NARROW UNIT (REAR RIGHT) IS THE CONVERTER. THE LIGHT-COLOURED UNITS AT THE REAR ARE PART OF THE NORMAL POLICE TWO-WAY RADIO-TELEPHONE EQUIPMENT.

(RIGHT.) RADAR SCANNING THE OPEN ROAD. A POLICE CONSTABLE ADJUSTS THE AERIAL AND TRANSMITTER UNIT TO GIVE IT A COMMANDING VIEW OF THE APPROACH.



The use, in Australia, of the radar device for checking the speed of motorists, announced in our edition of December 18, 1954, has since been widely employed in that country, with impressive results. On roads subject to a speed limit, motorists deceived by the apparent absence of traffic police have committed speed indiscretions resulting in an unexpected accusation of speeding from a policeman apparently far-removed from the scene of the incident, especially on the Prince's and the Pacific Highways, fine stretches of macadamised road that link up Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland. These, however, are the highways which contribute most to Australia's death toll on the roads, and since it is impossible for the police in a huge State to patrol every mile, the Public Safety Bureau of the Police Traffic Branch has called in radar as an additional weapon. The 150-lb. equipment that makes up the radar eye consists of an aerial transmitter unit, a 12-volt accumulator, a converter, a receiver and a meter. The

aerial and transmitter unit contains a high-frequency generator of 9,400 megacycles and a crystal detector. The accumulator, converter and receiving set are side by side in the boot of the car, in front of the two-way radio-telephone equipment. The aerial radiates a continuous chain of waves which strikes the oncoming or receding vehicle. Part of the energy is reflected back to the aerial with a change of frequency as the moving car advances or recedes. After the tone has been amplified a million times in the receiver, its pitch is measured and the result passed to a meter calibrated in miles per hour. The device was subjected to strenuous police tests before being generally used. In this country, Buckinghamshire police have instituted a dangerous-driving check through cameras attached to the windows of patrolling police cars, particularly at danger-spots, where a pressed button permanently records any aspect of careless driving. Such cars can also photograph accidents after being directed to the scene by radio.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MY first real acquaintance with the wren goes back now many years. One morning, hearing a tremendous volume of song coming from a near-by hedge, I imagined in my ignorance that nothing but a fair-sized bird could be responsible. So I determined to track the singer down. I need not detail the care and caution used to obtain a sight of this bird. It is sufficient to say that the sequel was bordering on the ludicrous. It was no large-sized bird but this absurdly diminutive creature, our smallest bird, apart from the goldcrest and the firecrest, that poured forth the repeated bursts of sound. So great is the volume of song compared with the size of the body producing it that I have always looked upon the wren as a small creature with big ideas, one striving to make up for its lack of inches with a wonderful display of achievement. And after reading "The Wren," by Edward A. Armstrong (Collins New Naturalist Monographs; 30s.), I feel this is still a fair appraisal.

Armstrong opens his account of the wren with telling how he came to make the study: "Darkness was falling on a November evening in 1943, and the bombers were roaring off into the gloom when, happening to look out of my study window, I saw a small bird alight on the trellis outside and then fly up into the ivy on the wall. A couple of evenings later the wren was there again. Evidently he came regularly to these sleeping-quarters. My interest was again captured by a bird which had fascinated me as a boy. Here was a species about which I would like to know more." It would be interesting to know how many have had a similar interest again captured, and perhaps, like Armstrong, resolved one day to concentrate on studying the "life and conversation" of this one, extremely familiar and well-known species. But it was left to Armstrong to do it, and here is the book many must have been waiting for, an account of every aspect of one of our most widespread, familiar and well-loved birds of the Old World. And every chapter is a mine of information.

It interests me to see that Armstrong (p. 138) gives a page and a half to "Height." He finds that wrens may nest in a cavity in the ground, or at varying heights from ground-level to as much as 30 ft. up. This may not be evidence of the big ideas, to which I

SMALL BIRD, BIG IDEAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

have already alluded, for a variation in height for the nesting-site is by no means unknown in other species. But then we read that: "European wrens tend to build higher as the season advances; the higher nests are often constructed in mid-season or rather later." The reason for this is not obvious and the only suggestion put forward is that it may be "correlated with the extension of the male's range vertically as spring

their web-spinning as the unfolding of an inherited behaviour.

The same is not quite true for birds, and one of the values of this present study of the wren is that it offers us material for debating this point, and, indeed, others. A wren may build in a cavity in the ground, in a crevice in the rocks, under an overhanging bank, in a hole in a tree, in a bush, as well as in the usual run of odd sites, such as the folds of a jacket hung in a shed, in a pair of bathing-trunks hung on the line to dry, and so on. According to the site the wren alters its procedure, in such a way as to give the impression that it understands the mechanics of building. It makes no difference that experiment should have shown the building activity to be linked with the male hormone. Such experiments, which so often do no more than prove the obvious, are apt to distract attention from the major considerations.

When a wren builds, he makes use of the nearest available material, he starts to build according to the requirements of the site, he often outlines the nest before putting in the bulk of the fabric, and the construction of the nest is such that the following year it may still be in habitable condition for use, at least, as a roost. "Sometimes for weeks after a nest has apparently been completed a bird will visit, inspect and titivate it, carrying in withered leaves, fibres or strands of moss." Above all, there is this building of numerous nests, giving the appearance of striving towards a goal. There is, it seems, more than a mere pattern of inherited behaviour, rather a primitive or elementary creative ability, an artistic impulse, however rudimentary. And in the female there is the converse, or perhaps we should say, the supplement. She selects the best-constructed of the several nests to line and use for egg-laying, but she does select, and this is important. Doubtless in this I have gone beyond what the author of this book would be prepared to accept, but he at least does commit himself somewhat in the same direction. "If utilisation of a wide range of sites and materials be taken into consideration as well as other aspects of craftsmanship, the wren is the most accomplished building technician among British birds." Perhaps, after all, art is, as Coward put it, no more than "an unexplained waste of energy." But it still remains art.



A WREN FEEDING ITS YOUNG IN A NEST BUILT IN A SWALLOW'S DISUSED NEST.

Photograph by Eric Hosking.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Wren," by Edward A. Armstrong; by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

advances . . . (although) . . . The only female wren which I have known to build actively recommenced work at a higher site when her brood came to grief."

In none of its actions does the wren so express this striving to achieve as in nest-building, for which it seems to have a passion. As Coward put it, "constructing more than it uses—an unexplained waste of energy." The cock does the nest-building and a single male may build up to a dozen nests. Many are never used, and for this reason they are known variously as cock's-nests or play-nests. They do not differ in construction from the occupied nests except that, as the females tend to choose the cosiest nests, those badly built or incomplete are passed over. The hen lines the chosen nest. So it looks as if he builds and she furnishes. However, this division of labour is not invariable in that the hen will sometimes assist with the building and the cock will sometimes assist with the lining.

I found Armstrong's notes here particularly interesting. He describes only the facts, the things he has observed. I would like to take it further. We are so often given to understand that bird behaviour is almost entirely automatic, a synthesis of innate patterns. The acme of automatic behaviour is seen elsewhere in the animal kingdom, perhaps in the spinning of a spider's web. A spider will spin on the same design as every other member of its species. It will spin the same design of web whatever the situation, only the supporting strands varying to conform with the needs of that situation. It will spin the same design for its first web as for its last. There is no improvement, no adaptability or very little, and no variation on a specific pattern. In spiders, then, we have little difficulty in seeing

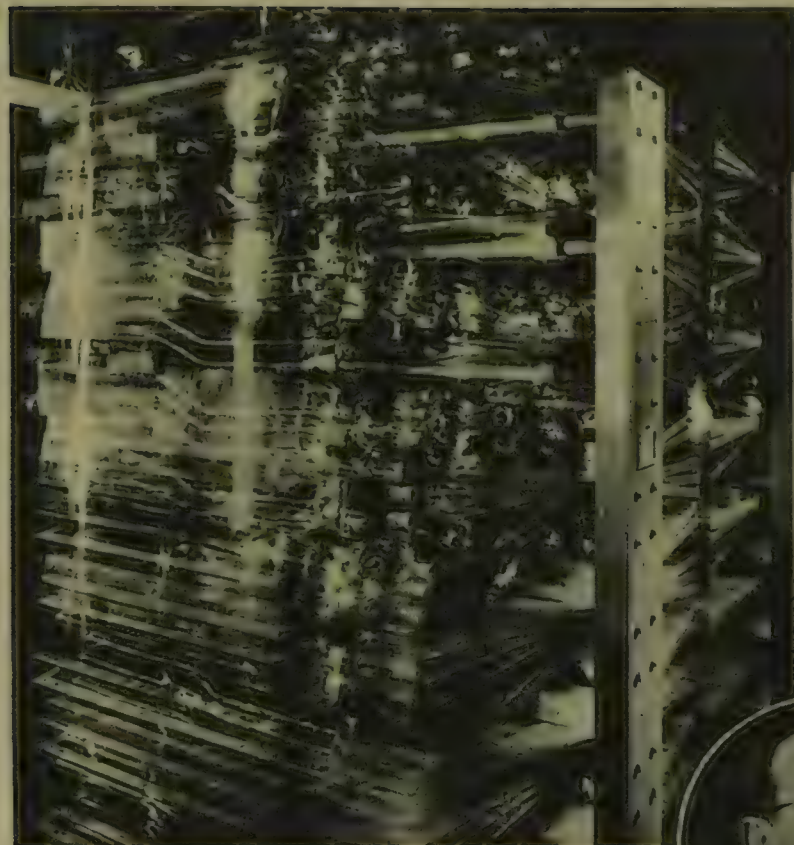


"THE FEMALE HOUSE WREN'S NEST-LINING ACTIVITY IS GREATER IN THE MORNING AND DECREASES DURING THE DAY AND ON SUCCESSIVE DAYS": A FEMALE WREN BRINGING A STRAND OF LINING MATERIAL TO THE NEST. (Photograph by C. P. Newcomb.)



A WREN PEEPING OUT OF A NEST IN THE FOLDS OF A MAN'S COAT IN A GREENHOUSE. WRENS' NESTS HAVE BEEN RECORDED IN VERY STRANGE AND UNLIKELY SITES, INCLUDING A BOY'S BATHING TRUNKS HUNG TO DRY ON A LINE. (Photograph by B. M. Nicholas.)

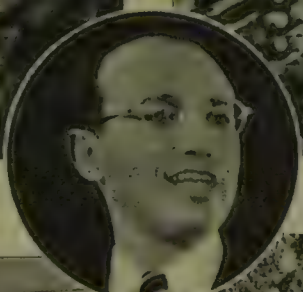
A DISCOVERY WHICH MAY WIN THE WAR AGAINST POLIOMYELITIS: DR. SALK'S VACCINE.



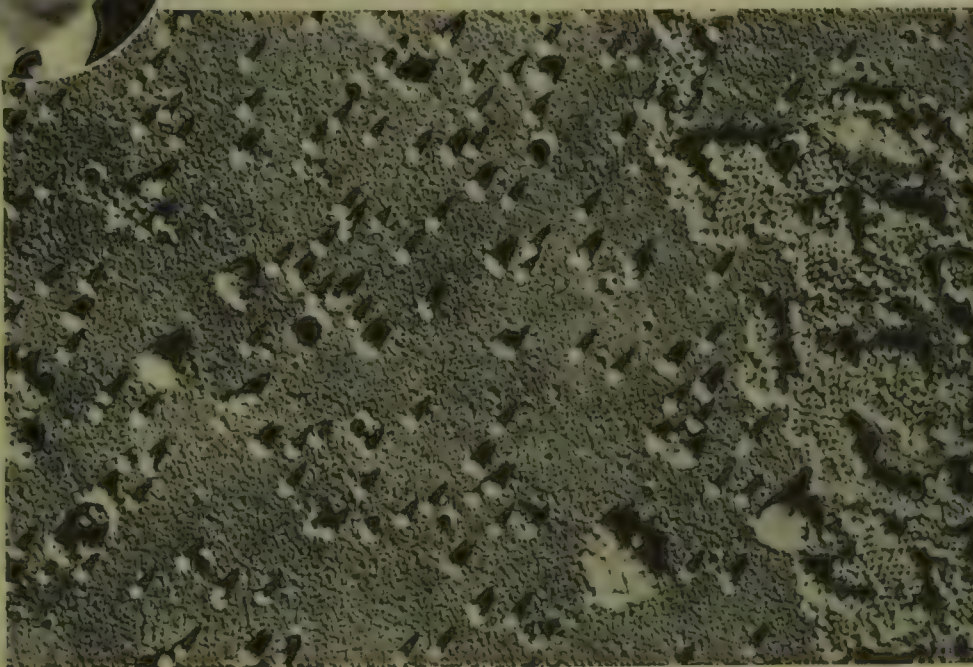
CAUGHT BY THE STROBOSCOPIC CAMERA: THE ROCKING PROCESS USED IN MAKING THE POLIO VIRUS FOR THE VACCINE: AND (INSET) DR. JONAS E. SALK, THE DISCOVERER OF THE VACCINE.



IN THE INCUBATION ROOM OF ONE OF THE SIX PRODUCING FIRMS: DRUMS OF TUBES OF NUTRIENT REVOLVING GENTLY DURING THE GROWTH OF THE VIRUS.



SPECIMENS OF THE SALK ANTI-POLIOMYELITIS VACCINE IN PLASTIC CONTAINERS, AWAITING EXAMINATION BY MICROSCOPE IN ONE OF THE COMMERCIAL LABORATORIES IN WHICH IT IS BEING MANUFACTURED.



CLAIMED AS THE FIRST AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE KILLING VIRUS: AN ELECTRON MICROGRAPH OF TYPE I STRAIN, MAGNIFIED 60,000 TIMES.



THE FIRST SHIPMENT OF THE POLIO VACCINE FROM A PHILADELPHIA LABORATORY BEING LOADED INTO AN AIRCRAFT FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY TO THE LOS ANGELES DISTRICT.

ON April 12, the tenth anniversary of the death of President F. D. Roosevelt, who was himself crippled by poliomyelitis, Dr. Thomas Francis announced that tests involving nearly 2,000,000 children in the U.S., Canada and Finland, showed that in the vaccine developed by Dr. Jonas Salk, of the University of Pittsburgh, an effective, powerful and safe protection against poliomyelitis, particularly in its killing and crippling forms, had been found. In last year's tests there was an efficacy of between 80 and 90 per cent. in preventing paralytic polio; and among children vaccinated with it (422,743 in all) only one child died. The vaccine consists of a preparation in which three types of poliomyelitis virus have been grown in a culture of monkey tissue and then killed. In America the vaccine is being made



DR. JONAS E. SALK, OF PITTSBURGH UNIVERSITY, THE DISCOVERER OF THE VACCINE (LEFT), SUPERVISING ONE OF HIS ASSISTANTS IN HIS PITTSBURGH LABORATORY.

available, free of charge, to all children in the 5-7-year group; and on April 13 President Eisenhower stated that full details of its manufacture and the technique of injection would be given to every country that welcomes the knowledge, including the Soviet Union. British authorities have welcomed the discovery but are still cautious; and the effect of the vaccine in this country will at present be studied only in small groups of children.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MATTER FOR A MAY MORNING.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MALVOLIO, Olivia's steward in that Illyrian world of May, has been many people on many stages: I have seen him as a sombre precisian, an icy Cardinal in reduced circumstances, a blend of bullfrog and fretful porpoentine. None would have recognised any other. Indeed, we could have a whole cast of rival Malvolios; and fun it might be.

What, in a speech, is the true man? Maria has set him down for us: "The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him." And Olivia said of her steward: "O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite."

I have been thinking of Malvolio in this early-morning calm after the "Twelfth Night" that has opened the Festival season at Stratford-upon-Avon. With Sir John Gielgud to produce, and Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) as Malvolio and Viola, this has been the most eagerly-awaited première of the year. Now it is over I have been defending Sir Laurence's Malvolio—not that it needs any defence—against some of my colleagues, who have not found in him the Illyrian steward of their imaginations.

Let me say at once that it is a performance I shall remember for its fresh approach and its unselfishness. Malvolio, as Olivier acts him, is not just a part for a comedian barnacled with antique "business." The man takes his proper place in the Illyrian household; he does not wantonly split the pattern of the play. Here, indeed, he is everything that Maria says he is: certainly an "affectioned ass" and a fellow that one (most properly) detests from his first appearance. He may be a competent steward, and no doubt

that is as endearing as a bull-fight. Still, that was the Elizabethan sense of humour, and "Twelfth Night" has glory enough elsewhere for us to forget that sudden cruelty.)



"A FARCICAL COMEDY. . . THE PLAYING HAS THE RIGHT DETERMINATION": "IT'S DIFFERENT FOR MEN" (DUCHESS THEATRE), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE TEENAGE VAMP MEETS THE WIFE (L. TO R.) DAWN GAVE (VALERIE FRENCH), JOHN CARPENTER (NAUNTON WAYNE) AND JOYCE CARPENTER (JUNE CLYDE).

The Stratford Malvolio has clearly worked his way up: an ambitious man whose ambitions still leap. Olivier suggests Malvolio's origin by his intonations, by the affected lisping veneer that flakes away suddenly to reveal the barrow-boy vowels. (I do not follow an argument that Sir Laurence should not have adopted this intricately-managed accent simply because it is intricate. Doubtless he would be criticised just as strongly if he did nothing. Do let us beware of fault-finding for its own sake.)

The supercilious fellow, day-dreaming about the respect to be shown by "my kinsmahn Tobay," turns naturally in the Letter scene to the turkey-cock blown by his imagination; the actor points subtly and richly the "affectioned ass" in his practice with the hand-mirror. From the first, Olivier has established the part firmly. He is theatrical without being blatantly so. Malvolio's character is as consistent as Shakespeare allows it to be: the vain, consequential prig, ashamed of his station, who can be transformed at a hint to the capering fool before the Countess ("Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!"), and who moves to a figure oddly tragic when he is in the dark room and bound. Laurence Olivier has one great moment—and I observe the epithet—when, at the last, he comes from below in pitifully tattered dignity and blinking from the darkness. Cut to the heart, he asks for no more than revenge; it will be work indeed to entreat him to a peace.

I have seen Malvolios by the score. Some have been more immediately comic. None has been developed more logically and with less apparent effort. To those who say that Olivier toils for his humours, I can merely reply that there are as many variations in the "sense of humour" as there are in readings of Malvolio. Perversely, I refuse to believe that Olivier fails because he has not offered the part to us in poster-colours. He is, very simply, Malvolio: he takes us back to the man's past and makes us speculate about his future. (I have known younger images of Malvolio with the same contemptuous eyes, the same thin sneer, arrogant self-love.)

There is little more space. Sir John Gielgud, with settings by Malcolm Pride, has produced, lightly and elegantly, a romantic-wistful Illyria. The last moments, with the windows of the great house lit beneath the

moon, are blessedly serene. Vivien Leigh's Viola has a still gravity; Maxine Audley hints at the shallowness of Olivia; Alan Webb—in a part that Sir Laurence once acted superbly—is an amiably ruffling Toby who never forgets that he is "con-sanguineous": he is also a good hand at mulling sack. The Andrew (Michael Denison) needs only a horse, a beehive and a useful little box to be another kind of knight. I did not much care for Keith Michell's Orsino, altogether too ardent a swooner even for the lovesick Duke, and the Feste (Edward Atienza) does not hold the mind. But I shall remember Malvolio and the May morning foolery; the "affectioned ass" wavering over the pronunciation of "slough"; Olivier's unfaltering technique, and the closing moment when I had the rare shiver one feels when a major personality is on the stage. It would be long before this Malvolio returned to his lady's house.

"It's Different For Men" (Duchess) has an unfortunate title and two unfortunate acts, the second and third. I am hoping that the first was better. The combination of a journey from West Wales and a Bank Holiday crowd prevented me from seeing more than the ten minutes before the first curtain; and though this, alas, did not raise my spirits, it is only fair to give the authors, Michael Pertwee and Brenda and Monja Danischewsky, the benefit of the doubt, and assume that they reached meridian at once. Clearly they were working on the piece to the last moment. Example: "It will be a Roman holiday for the Sunday papers—if ever they come back."

There is some question of the appointment of a headmaster for a co-educational school. There is also the stratagem of a resourceful wife with a husband who needs a lesson. Jack Allen and Naunton Wayne are rivals in love and duty, Mr. Allen with a kind of bristling masculinity and Mr. Wayne like a spaniel



"WITH SIR JOHN GIELGUD TO PRODUCE, AND SIR LAURENCE AND LADY OLIVIER (VIVIEN LEIGH) AS MALVOLIO AND VIOLA, THIS HAS BEEN THE MOST EAGERLY-AWAITED PREMIÈRE OF THE YEAR": VIOLA (VIVIEN LEIGH) AND MALVOLIO (LAURENCE OLIVIER) IN THE RING SCENE IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



"SIR JOHN GIELGUD, WITH SETTINGS BY MALCOLM PRIDE, HAS PRODUCED, LIGHTLY AND ELEGANTLY, A ROMANTIC-WISTFUL ILLYRIA": A SCENE IN OLIVIA'S HOUSE IN "TWELFTH NIGHT," WHICH HAS OPENED THE SHAKESPEARE SEASON AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. (L. TO R.) FESTE (EDWARD ATIENZA), MALVOLIO (LAURENCE OLIVIER), OLIVIA (MAXINE AUDLEY), MARIA (ANGELA BADDELEY) AND LADY IN-WAITING (DILYS HAMLETT).

anatomical dissection would show that his heart is in the right place. But, superficially, he is sour and thin-lipped; his eyes are contemptuous; he has a toxic glance for Feste, and he tastes with a distempered appetite. We realise at once why the household hates him; why Maria finds it easy to frame the plot. (If we consider it too deeply, the May-night plot for the May morning does lead to a scene, the imprisonment,

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TIME REMEMBERED" (New).—Anouilh's gentle fantasy transferred from the Lyric, Hammersmith, with Paul Scofield, Margaret Rutherford and Mary Ure still leading it. (April 9.)
 "FOLIES BERGÈRE" (Prince of Wales).—The latest instalment of a popular serial. (April 9.)
 "IT'S DIFFERENT FOR MEN" (Duchess). A farcical comedy of which the second and third acts are as laborious as the title. The playing has the right determination. (April 11.)
 "SKUPA PUPPETS" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A series of happy inventions among the little people. (April 11.)
 "TWELFTH NIGHT" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—It is Malvolio's play; the steward is acted by Sir Laurence Olivier with a consistency and neatness to admire. Vivien Leigh is a composed Viola; and Sir John Gielgud, as master of the Illyrian ceremonies, keeps the play lively without forcing the humours, and wistful-romantic without allowing us to feel that Illyria at any moment must curl away in the haze. (April 12.)

in woe. We also meet June Clyde in some alarming costumes and Eliot Makeham as a silvery peek-a-boo Dean, who, at one point, is too embarrassingly serious for a farce, though Mr. Makeham can bear it off. I could not find much wit in the second or third acts; Mr. Allen, in a rigidly alcoholic state that might have pleased Sir Toby, had a certain glazed charm. In a Bank Holiday spirit, I would like to have enjoyed the play, but I cannot agree that it was "the best fooling when all is done." Feste's Vapian jokes are funnier.

STRANGE EVENTS FROM ALL QUARTERS : A WORLD PANORAMA OF UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS.



A GARDEN FULL OF HERRINGS: THE SCENE IN A DANISH GARDEN AFTER A GIANT FISH LORRY HAD CRASHED AND DEPOSITED ITS CARGO.

A giant lorry loaded with a consignment of herrings crashed on the road at Pungaarden, near Randers, Jutland, and the entire cargo of dead fish was hurled out. The tenant of a near-by house arrived



THE WRECKAGE OF THE LORRY SOON AFTER THE INCIDENT. THE VEHICLE MOUNTED THE BANK, PITCHED SIDeways, AND DEPOSITED 15 TONS OF FISH INTO AN ADJACENT GARDEN.

home to find an unexpected crop of 15 tons of herrings in his garden. The fish covered a considerable area, and many appreciative cats were present to acclaim the unexpected haul.



A TRAIN THAT KILLS WEEDS: BRITISH RAILWAYS INTRODUCE A SELF-CONTAINED OUTFIT FOR WEED-DESTRUCTION ALONG 3000 MILES OF TRACK.

From April to June, weeds along many railway tracks will be assailed by a special train equipped by the Chipman Chemical Company for the Eastern Region. Six tank wagons contain 15,000 gallons of weed-killer; other units include a spray van and accommodation for a crew of four.



A MINIATURE CAMPING TRAILER PULLED BY A MOTOR-SCOOTER: AN UNUSUAL EXHIBIT IN THE PARIS SPORTS AND CAMPING SHOW HELD ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE. The French enthusiasm for "Le Camping" is an engaging characteristic and the exhibition of sporting and camping equipment in Paris reveals the ingenuity which they bring to this pastime. The scooter-trailer shown above carries two passengers, who sleep inside on pneumatic mattresses.



STRATOSPHERE MONKEYS

THESE PHILIPPINE MACAQUES RODE IN AN AIR FORCE AEROSPACE ROCKET TO APPROXIMATELY 200,000 FEET IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE, FROM HALLAMMAN AIR FORCE BASE, ALABAMA, NEW MEXICO. LABORATORY MICE ALSO MADE THIS FLIGHT. WHEN THE ROCKET TOOK OFF THE ANIMALS WERE SUBJECTED BRIEFLY TO ABOUT 15 G'S, MEANING THEY WERE SUBJECT TO STRAINS ABOUT 15 TIMES THAT WHICH IS NORMAL FOR THEIR WEIGHT. LATER IN THE FLIGHT THEY LOST ALL WEIGHT AS THEY WERE AWAY FROM THE GRAVITATIONAL FORCE OF THE EARTH. GIFT FROM U.S. AIR FORCE THROUGH COLONEL LEON BOOTH, AIR RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT COMMAND, NOVEMBER 1, 1953.

(LEFT.) EXAMINING A MONKEY FROM THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE: ONE OF THE TWO MONKEYS TO REACH AN ALTITUDE OF 200,000 FT. IN AN AMERICAN AIR FORCE ROCKET.

Several years ago the United States Air Force Medical Service placed two monkeys in a rocket that carried them 200,000 ft. up. Upon their safe return, they were retired to the Washington Zoo, where their health is checked regularly to detect any belated reactions to their unusual voyage into the stratosphere. So far, none have been observed.

(RIGHT.) THE SWISS BALLOON ZURICH RISING FROM A FOOTBALL FIELD IN VIENNA: IT LANDED IN THE SOVIET ZONE, AND ITS CREW, INCLUDING AN AUSTRIAN MINISTER, WERE INADVERTENTLY ARRESTED.

An annual balloon flight from Vienna, part of a publicity campaign to raise funds for an "orphans' village," ended oddly when the balloon descended in the Soviet Zone and the crew and passengers, including the Austrian Minister for Trade and Reconstruction, Dr. Udo Illig, were arrested. The matter was speedily adjusted, however, and the Minister and his fellow-passengers were released with apologies.



NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no getting away from it; novels should always have a story. That is the prime idea of them; and attempts to "cross the cause why we were born," however brilliant and original, are notoriously ill-judged. With an outstanding plot, even the flattest novel can get by; without one, neither talent nor any other kind of interest is completely satisfying. And here we have two fresh examples: all the more telling because they are distinguished and enjoyable at the same time.

"The Wicked Pavilion," by Dawn Powell (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), uses a formula which made a great hit at its birth, but which was always rather catchpenny. I mean the *Grand Hotel* formula: a group of characters loosely connected by the setting. But here—and could sophistication go further?—this popular device is turned to the most rarefied, urbane, semi-fantastic ends. It is, of course, an American novel; and the American sophisticate leaves every other breed far in the rear. And it is centred in Greenwich Village—or, rather, in the Café Julien, so French in fame, so bleak and morgue-like in reality: where gourmets dine, where sightseers recoil and flee, where artists, patrons and their parasites drift in and out, and where all sorts of people find a Never-never-land. Like Dalzell Sloane, the sad, unsuccessful fugitive "behind the beard." For him, the Julien is a place to evade living. "One came here because one couldn't decide where to dine, whom to telephone, what to do. One might be lonely, frustrated or heart-broken, but at least one wasn't sewed up." Here, too—if anywhere at fifty—one may run into the new patron, the responsive dealer, the fresh start. . . . And here Rick Prescott may find Ellenora. Indeed, it is her rôle to be found. Here they changed eyes; and it is here they quarrel and part, and make it up after long absences. Rick is a vagrant engineer; but his "lost love" sits patiently, for ever, in the Café Julien, guarding his "beautiful New York." Here they will always meet; here the ambiguous "party girl" and the outrageous, renegade Bostonian have common ground; here the rich Cynthia Earle can still torment, and pose, and fancy herself Cleopatra. But not for long; now the protective shell is doomed, and all the clinging fantasies will be torn down.

Wit, satire, subtlety—these are all present. In fact, there may be too much subtlety for English readers. Off its own ground, American sophistication has that drawback; it is allusive to the point of cliquishness. But this is not simply a clever book. It is poetic, sad; really, it is about defeat, time passing, and the days that are no more. The satiric strain—where one can follow it—is brilliantly entertaining; but Dalzell and his friends, and Ellenora and her love-affair, have an imaginative pathos worthy of a better plot.

OTHER FICTION.

"Academic Year," by D. J. Enright (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), must be called a documentary. It is about a young man who has spent three years teaching at the University of Alexandria, by a young man . . . etc. And in the middle of the tale, this young man, Packet, is advised to write it. "Why not," asks his admired senior, Bacon, "make some intelligent use of those crammed notebooks? . . . You might well write a very decent novel of a certain kind. Not a best-seller, and not a great work of art—but never mind: what thou seest, write in a book . . ."

So there is no disguise whatever. And Bacon's judgment is exact—only too cool. The age abounds in "very decent novels," and, for that matter, in documentaries; but not in documentaries on this level. Its only weak point is the story, or what was meant as a story. Though not a "great" work, it is a work of art. It has depth, comedy and feeling; and its Alexandrian scene has all the frustrating complexity, the stone-wall hopelessness of the real world. There are three English characters, reflecting three stages of moral adjustment. Bacon has been here twenty years; he is the shabby, all-wise, unregarded expert. While Brett is split-new, and will never learn. He can't get past the squalor; and for him, "squalor is the same thing as evil." Packet began rather like that, but he had much more human curiosity, and he is now much nearer Bacon. Though one can see Brett's point of view; the Alexandrian way of life must be distinctly terrifying, while "education" has a broad streak of pathetic farce. These truths are vividly displayed; although the plot won't jell, the detached episodes are full of life.

I needn't say that "Fellow Passenger," by Geoffrey Household (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), has a lot going on; and happily it is not serious—not like the usual thriller or escape-novel. This is a comedy-thriller, or if you like, a picaresque adventure-story, in the proper sense. Though it seems rather harsh to describe Howard Wolferstan, its irrepressible narrator, as a rogue and vagabond. He is just a "gilded youth" of thirty-seven—half English, Ecuadorian bred, and, when we meet him, shut up in the Tower. And he was not after atomic secrets; he merely wanted to collect a legacy (nature unknown) from one of the chimneys of a country house. Only the house proves to be chock full of atomic scientists. And he is nabbed, and misconceived, and flees in all manner of incarnations, with properties to match. Indeed, he gets half-way to Riga in a Russian ship—having induced the Communists to rescue him. So then he has to rescue himself from the Communists. . . . It is all wonderfully smooth, full of invention and hilarity, with just the right kind of *panache*.

"The Winged Witnesses," by Helen Robertson (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), is a first attempt with a new flavour. Theresa Barr, aged thirty-six, is camping on a lone Orkney island to watch birds. On her first night, she sees a plane touch down on the deserted airfield and run into the hangar. Next morning it has disappeared. But there is someone else on the beach: a stranger lodging with the Fletts—who are the sole inhabitants, now the big house is empty. And there is also a crushed starling; so the plane was real. Then she is in the middle of a nightmare. Charles has come up to hunt for a dead body—and to destroy a fiend. The starling was his first bit of evidence; and at Harbister House he finds the grave. . . . This tale has visual quality and "keeping," and a distinctive tone: although what happens is not quite what *should* have happened.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A REMARKABLE game from the Russian championship: The opening is of a curious "modern" type describable as Reti's Opening or King's Indian Defence in reverse:

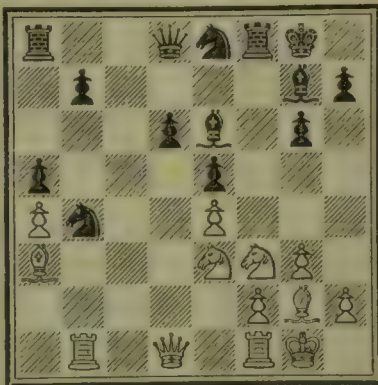
SMYSLOV	VIKNIK	SMYSLOV	VIKNIK
White	Black	White	Black
1. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	4. Castles	Castles
2. P-KKt3	P-KKt3	5. P-Q3	P-B4
3. B-Kt2	B-Kt2		

For the first time, the symmetry is disturbed. By all normal criteria, Black's fifth move seems better than White's—yet it is White who wins in twenty-eight moves, and Black's 5... P-B4 contributes (see White's eleventh!) to his defeat. Mysterious things are happening in chess these days!

6. P-K4	Kt-B3	9. Kt-B4	P-K4
7. QKt-Q2	P-Q3	10. P-B3	P-B4
8. P-QR4	Kt-K1	11. P-QKt4!	

An extraordinary sacrifice (really a temporary or pseudo-sacrifice, for the pawn is soon recovered, with an improvement in White's position). Moreover, Black can improve his own position (see his 12th and 13th moves) before accepting it. On the other hand, the move is undoubtedly the product of previous analysis, not of the inspiration of the moment.

11. . . .	P x KtP	14. Kt-K3	Kt x P
12. P x KtP	P x P	15. R-Kt1	P-QR4
13. P x P	B-K3	16. B-QR3	



Black's last move was better than 15... Kt-QB3; 16. R x P regaining his pawn with a nice rook position on the seventh rank.

16. . . .	Kt-B2	20. P x B	B-B5
17. B x Kt	P x B	21. R x QP	Q-K1
18. R x P	B-R3	22. R-K1	R-B2
19. R-Kt6!	B x Kt		

22... Q x P; 23. Kt x P or 22... R x P? 23. R-Q7 (threatening both R x Kt and Q x R) would be equally profitless for Black.

23. Kt-Kt5	R-K2	24. B-B1	B x B
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Black's bishop wants to remain on the white-square diagonal, guarding his king, and, above all, that fateful square KB2.

25. R x B	Q x P	26. R-Q8ch!	R-K1
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Not 26... R x R?? 27. Q x Q. So now White can occupy the seventh rank: ideal post for a rook. White's next threatens mate in two.

27. Q-B3	Q-B5	28. R-Q7	Resigns.
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If 28... R-KB1 then 29. R x Kt! Q x R; 30. Q x Rch, R x Q; 31. R x Rch, K x R; 32. Kt-K6ch and Kt x Q.

So Smyslov beats the World Champion in 28 moves! Many see in him Botvinnik's successor.

Diplomat" one of the most urbane, cultivated, and charming books of diplomatic memoirs I have ever read. Signor Varè's new book is, for all its allusive charm, nowhere near as good as "Laughing Diplomat." I find it, however, difficult to put my finger on the reason why I do not like it as much as his earlier books. The familiar ingredients are there, with the familiar ever-engaging Roman background. He has lots to tell us about the great, from Pio Nono to Marconi and d'Annunzio, and when his eye lights on some corner of the Roman scene of to-day and yesterday his touch is delicate and sure. But I can't quite see what Von Bülow, who happened to be in Rome when he was a young man but who did not move, as he says, in the same circles, is doing in Signor Varè's pages, except possibly as an extremely tenuous ghost of the Piazza di Spagna. Von Bülow's memoirs are monumental masonry enough, and the harm he did has lived long enough after him. Still I would not wish any potential readers of this book to be put off buying it by what I have said. They should write it down to the faint disappointment of an over-great admirer.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

FOREIGN PARTS AND PARTISANS.

OF the four books reviewed this week, one is by an American, one is about an American, one is adapted to Anglo-Saxon taste by a writer of the same nationality and the fourth is by a half-Scottish Italian. The one which appealed to me most was "March or Die," by Howard Swiggett (Museum Press; 16s.). This is the story of the Foreign Legion, written factually and without the major heroics which that remarkable regiment's history might well have justified. In my youth the writings of the late Major P. C. Wren occupied a high place in my affections. The Foreign Legion, with its *panache*, was a "natural" for writers of romantic fiction. Of the more serious books about the Legion many were written, as Mr. Swiggett points out, by British or American deserters, whose reminiscences were coloured by hatred or self-pity. Mr. Swiggett claims that this is the first factual history of the Legion, except for the almost dry account of its hundreds of battles and engagements, officially published on the centenary of the Legion's foundation by Louis Philippe under the title of "*Livre d'Or de la Légion Etrangère*." The Legion was founded largely from the political refugees in Central and Western Europe during the period of European discontent and upheaval which followed the 1830 Revolution in France and the revolts in Poland, Italy, Germany and Belgium against the settlement created by the Congress of Vienna. So much so, that originally its seven battalions consisted of the Swiss-Hohenlohe veterans of the disbanded French regiments, the Swiss, Spanish, Italian and Sardinian, Belgian and Dutch, and Polish. In the succeeding 120 years it has fought with incredible gallantry, not merely in North Africa, the principal scene of its activities, but from the Crimea to Mexico (where the name of the stand made by its tiny detachment of sixty men against a whole army at Camerone is one of its greatest epics), to Narvik and Dien Bien Phu. The most extraordinary thing, to which Mr. Swiggett does not provide a wholly satisfactory answer, is how this collection of *déracinés*, even under the finest officers which St.-Cyr can produce, has created and maintained so formidable a *mystique*, which has given it a name for gallantry and devotion to a cause (which is not its own) which is without parallel in the world. This struck me as an excellent book, the effectiveness of which is largely due to Mr. Swiggett's wise decision to let the Legion tell its story largely by its deeds.

Another interesting book is "Egypt's Destiny," by General Neguib (Gollancz; 18s.). This is the story of the Egyptian Revolution, of the appalling corruption which led to Egypt's humiliation during the war against Israel which caused it, and of the author's subsequent falling-out with Colonel Nasser, who succeeded him as Egypt's "strong man." It is a curiously naive book, adapted by Mr. Leigh White (whom I imagine to be an American from internal evidence, such as the British Minister "Michael J. Cresswell"—the name misspelt—and the fact that it is obviously slanted to an American public). General Neguib emerges from it, as he has been described to me by those who have had officially to do with him, as honest, sincere and likeable. In a chapter dealing with the events of 1942, when the Abdin Palace was surrounded by British tanks and with the British attitude towards Egyptians generally, he makes one regret the clumsy handling by our diplomats which made so many enemies out of so many potential friends. One of the most curious and interesting chapters in the book is his account of his last interview with King Farouk aboard the Royal Yacht at Alexandria. Equally interesting is his tactful chapter on "Why I Resigned" in favour of Colonel Nasser—as a delicate and diplomatic piece of writing as I have read in many a long year.

I frankly do not know what to make of "Knight Errant," by Brian Connell (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.). This is a biography written with the consent and assistance of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Mr. Fairbanks, who is a K.B.E. and holds the British D.S.C. for his service in conjunction with the Royal Navy during the war, is a pleasant, gallant and distinguished friend of Britain. He is a first-class film actor, his wartime career showed him to be as brave as he was intelligent, and he deservedly has a host of friends, from the members of our Royal family to the brighter stars in the Hollywood constellation. To be successful, well-liked and popular is a splendid thing. It is even more splendid if success and popularity are so manifestly deserved. Whether, however, it is a good thing to point out these virtues seems to me to be another matter. "Knight Errant" has already lent itself to extremely funny caricature in another quarter. I am left with the feeling that it would have been better for the reputation of the nice man who is Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and for the cause of Anglo-American friendship, for which he has done such truly magnificent work, if it had not been written—or, perhaps, not in this way.

In the same way I must confess to a slight feeling of disappointment with "Ghosts of the Spanish Steps," by Daniele Varè (Murray; 18s.). I have known, admired and liked Signor Varè for more than twenty years. His novel about China, "The Makers of Heavenly Trousers," was a delight; his "Laughing

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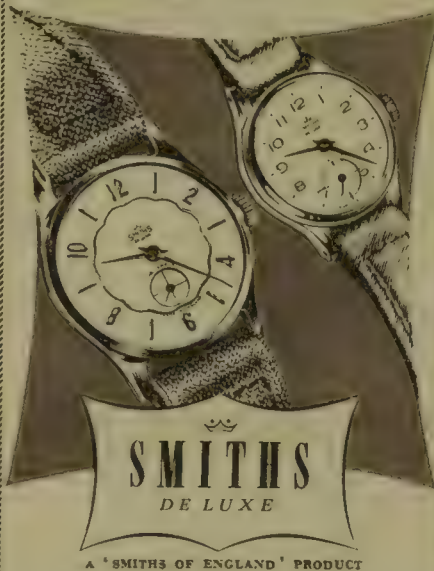
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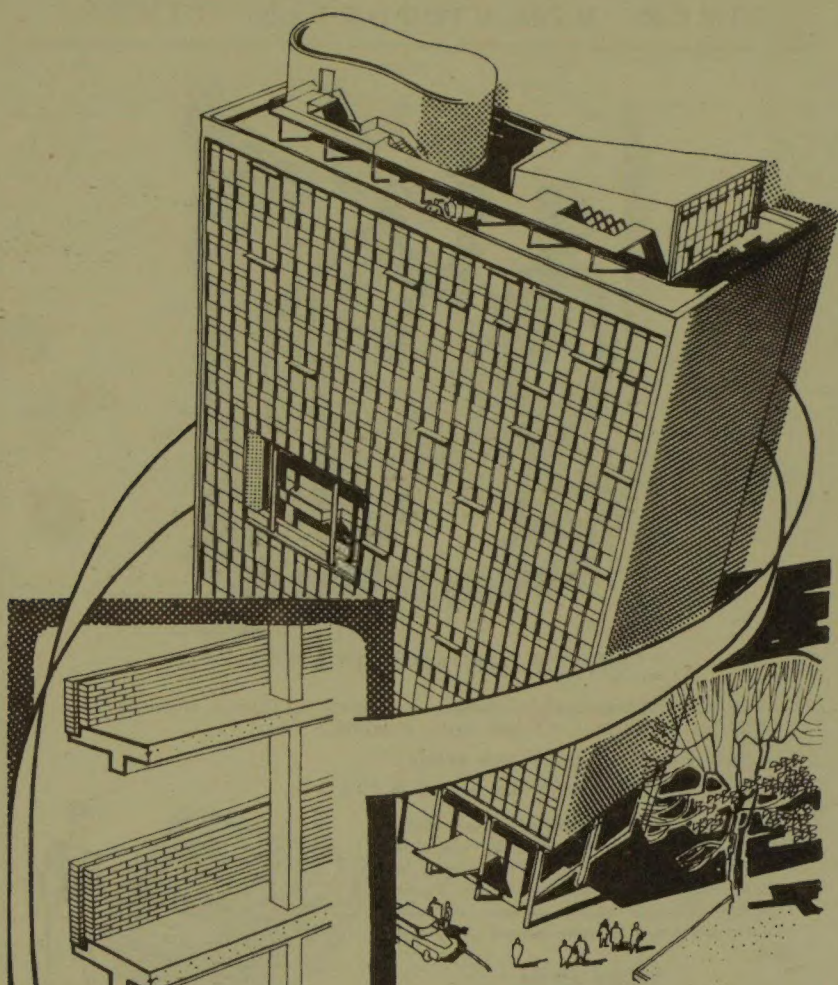
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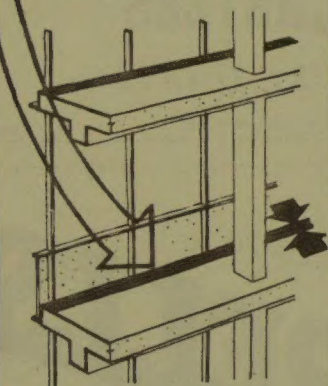
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1 Conventional Wall Construction is 11 inches thick.



2 Wallspan members are only 5 inches thick*. So they give you an extra 6 inches of space the length of the wall. In a building 100 feet long—with elevations similar to the one illustrated—Wallspan walls will give you 100 square feet extra rentable space on each floor.

Wallspan members are made in various thicknesses for different ceiling heights. The 5-inch one is usual for offices and other buildings needing only normal headroom.

Wallspan consists of a grid of aluminium alloy, light in weight, slim in section which is bolted onto the structural frame. Into it are fixed windows, doors and panelling. In suitable installations the vertical and horizontal grid members can be as little as five inches thick, with solid panelling about two inches thick—compared with the eleven inches of a conventional wall. The drawings, above, show how much *extra* rentable floor space this means on every floor of your building.

Wallspan keeps more warmth inside. The 2-inch-thick panels of a Wallspan wall can easily be constructed to give 50 per cent better heat-retention than a cavity brick wall. It goes without saying that Wallspan walls are weatherproof and durable!

Wallspan goes up in DAYS. Wallspan construction is extremely quick. The grid is easily bolted on. Into it go sheets of glass or window frames to give you light and air. It is then completed with your own choice of panelling in materials that offer new beauty of appearance and design!

WALLSPAN CURTAIN WALLING

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You'll be using your building sooner—much sooner—if it has Wallspan walls!

WALLSPAN

**can give you
more floor space
all round!**

Wallspan outer walls can add 100 sq. feet to every floor of an office block like this.

Wallspan is the most remarkable building development of modern times. It offers substantial gains in construction time, insulation and design—and gives appreciably more floor space!

How Wallspan gives more space. In today's buildings, the steel-and-concrete framework carries the weight. The outer walls simply keep out the weather and keep in the warmth. And, of course, provide the setting for windows and doors.

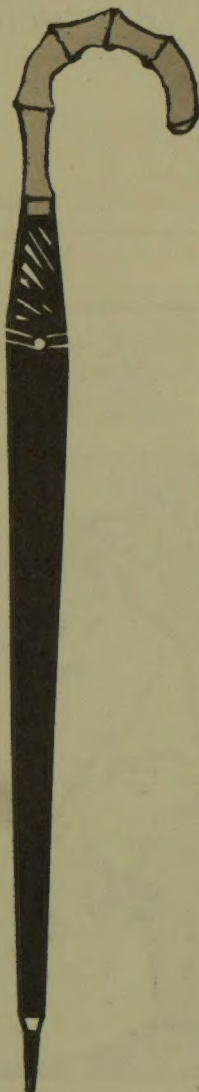
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Thompson (interrogatively, to Beauteous but Haughty Damsel, whom he has just helped to alight): "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

Haughty Damsel: "I DID NOT SPEAK!"

Thompson: "OH, I THOUGHT YOU SAID 'THANKS!'"

[Thompson thereupon installed himself within the first-class compartment so lately vacated by the ill-graced Young Miss. Fortunately, the delight engendered from his Three Castles cigarette—that cigarette without peer—did much to restore a better humour toward the Fairer Sex.]

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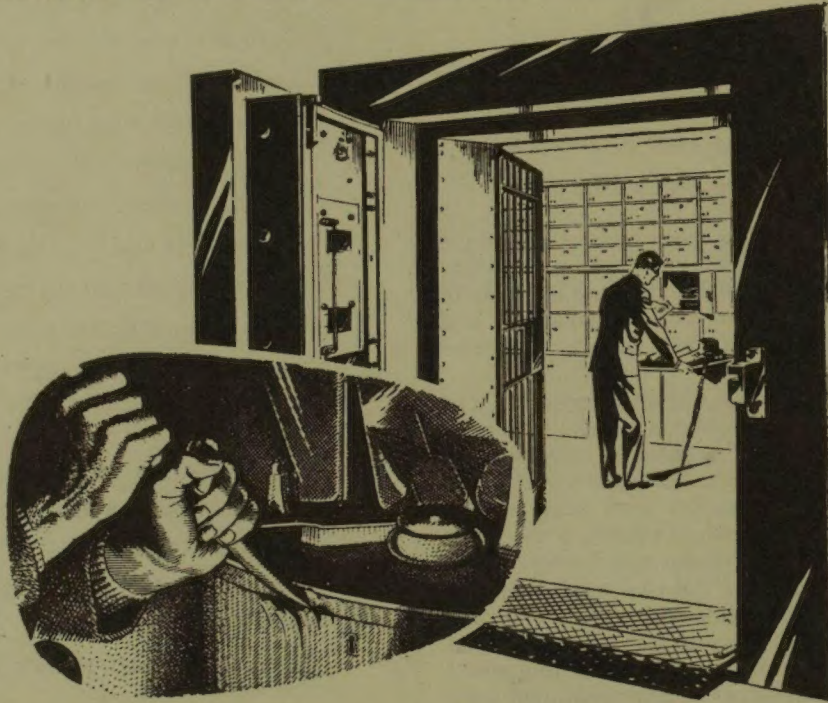
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Car output up
87% since 1949—
769,165 cars built
in 1954—
397,896 exported

... it's part of
Britain's progress,
to which



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

contributes, at home
and abroad

THE RESULTS OF BRITAIN'S mounting production are now to be felt and seen in every home and High Street. With our industrial output up 20% since 1949, we have goods in plenty of almost every kind.

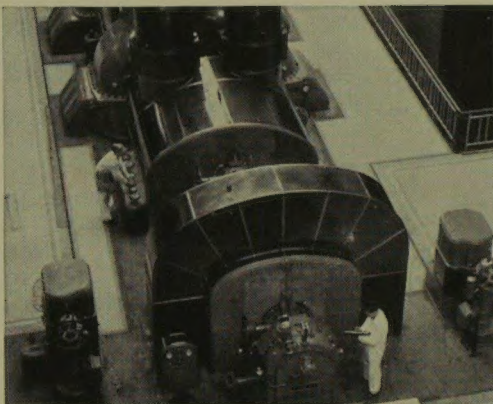
But this is only half the picture. Britain is producing more for export, too. The value of our exports has risen by 42% since 1949—and Britain must export to live.

Production needs power. Britain's electricity output has risen by 60% since 1948. ENGLISH ELECTRIC has helped to equip many of Britain's new power stations; and also provides the means by which industry *uses* energy for production.

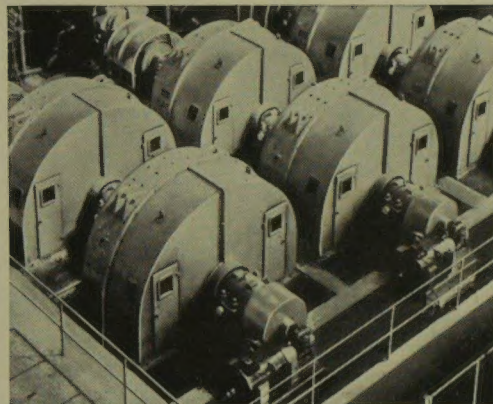
Export enterprise

In addition, ENGLISH ELECTRIC itself exports heavy equipment—and engineering skill; approximately half its business is overseas. All over the world ENGLISH ELECTRIC is earning foreign currency for Britain—and a reputation that helps *all* British exports.

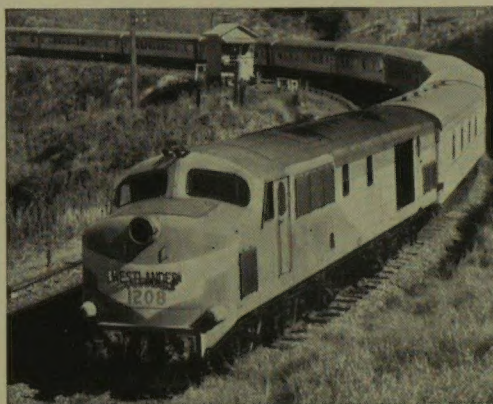
Through its world-wide operations, ENGLISH ELECTRIC acquires a fund of varied *experience*, constantly extended—an asset which adds to the effectiveness of all its work, at home or abroad, for Britain's progress.



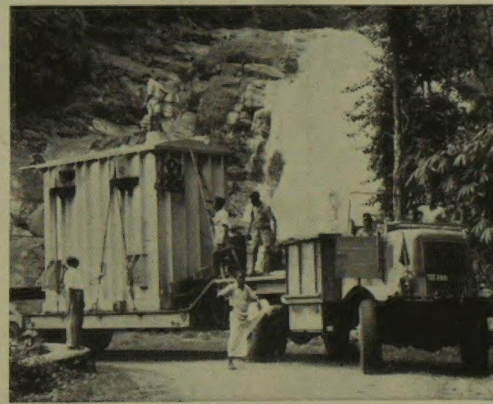
POWER FOR INDUSTRY An ENGLISH ELECTRIC 80,000-h.p. steam turbo-alternator in the Birmingham area—a centre of Britain's motor industry.



POWER IN INDUSTRY ENGLISH ELECTRIC motors drive a cold strip mill in a South Wales steel works producing steel plate for car bodies.

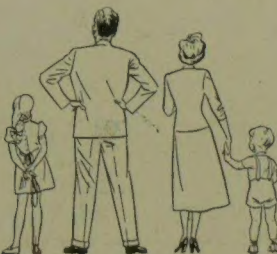


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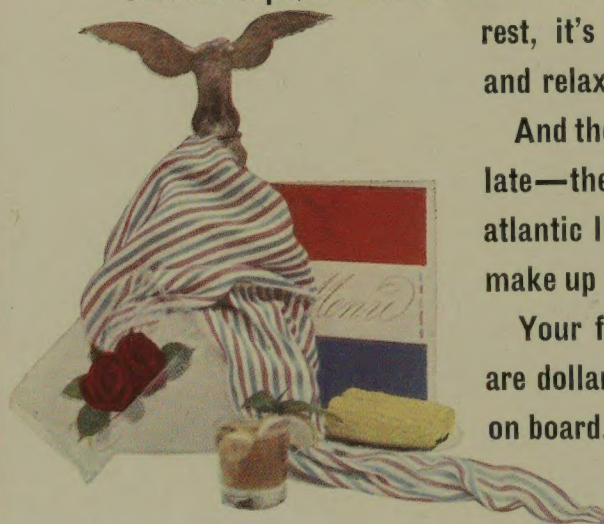
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